TEN CENTS A COPY

The Life and Death of the *WORLD*, on page 662

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME VII — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1931 — NUMBER 34

Station WORLD, New York

IN a novel shortly to be published by a brilliant young Englishman, the hero, whose name is Juan by right of descent from the famous Don, visits America with full intent to live to the full the much celebrated American life. His first day in New York is quite as eventful as the first days here of most English visitors. He sees all the sights, including the yaks making love at the Zoo, and rounds out the evening with a murder in a night club, but his chance companion, a Jewish musician, sighs wearily. "New York," he says "is dull." Underneath the surface variety is an astounding monotony of experience. Noise, excitement, violence, lasciviousness, megalomania, but few things to like, and fewer still to love.

Poor jaded fellow, lonely in his noisy Zion, he represents nevertheless more of us than will readily admit the charge, but not so many as yesterday when there was still the *World* to read. For where thousands upon thousands are gathered together, as in our modern cities, institutions take the place of the homeiness of the small town, and the intimacies of close acquaintance. We have no neighbors, thousands upon thousands must have no real friends. How pitifully the radio tries to project its tea parties or grocery store gatherings over the air, manufacturing in some plushy studio a synthetic atmosphere of friendliness that carries its insincerity over the wave length.

Newspapers and magazines are more successful, although most so with the naive who do not see the tongue-in-the-cheek of the more palpable sob-sisters and hearty-my-boys. But when a magazine or a newspaper does become the thing it wishes to be, a corporate personality, a symbolic character, an individual, then if it dies or is destroyed by harsh economics or bad management, we feel for a while like the little Jewish musician. New York, America, is noisy and successful, but dull, or at least, duller than yesterday.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

We do not write (to borrow a word from another Englishman) in a mood of depressimism. The old order changeth, and all that sort of thing, of course, and if character and personality disappear with the death of one beloved institution, character and personality of a different kind may come in others. *May*; that is the sticking point. For in spite of a half dozen instances which anyone could name, the grim circle of machine-made writing seems closing upon us at the moment when we need personality and character in institutions most, when living for megalopolitans is becoming more stimulated and less human, more excited and less humorous, more varied in externals and more jaded within, more monotonous because of the constancy of change.

There remain plenty of excellent newspapers in America, and many which as mere organs of news far excelled the *World*. But the readers of that departed journal must feel a lack of the flexible and the incalculable, of the fearless and the witty, when they read today. Something very human and yet civilized; something courageous yet never sentimental; some of that devotion to the lost causes which are perhaps the only causes never finally lost; in news and editorials and criticism alike a heavy charge of that liberalism which stands in plucky inconsistence between the conservative and the radical, and is never successful because the material universe, whatever else it is, is certainly not liberal, and is never finally defeated, because it is a function of a generous spirit the roots of which lie at least as deep as greed and fear—much of all this was lost for our time when the *World* died.

The pessimists think that liberalism is dying too, and the depressimists make copy of its demise. Dying perhaps in the slippered phase in which most of us have known it, as a safeguard, an expectation, and as the other name for progress; yet no more dead than hope. But one of its best transmitting stations is closed. There will be no more WORLD, New York.

Near Sight

By MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

MARCH more than other months, requires
near sight.
Far vision, used for seeing winter through
In wide, white sweeps of beauty will not do
For what has been employing overnight
The stubborn bark to work for its own good.
Upon the smallest branch each twig is set,
Persuaded to that point, with a rosette
Of utter softness, breaking through hard wood.

In what a little while each bud will fling
Its cap on mad March winds o'er any hill
And loose a wave of greeness on the land.
This is the moment then to take our fill
Of such minute precisions as make spring
The lovelier for lying close at hand.

This Week

"Theatre Street."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

"The Economic Life of Soviet Russia."
Reviewed by MAURICE HINDUS.

"Liberty in the Modern State."
Reviewed by JOHN CORBIN.

"The Jesting Army."
Reviewed by STANLEY WENT.

"Portrait of a Diplomatist."
Reviewed by FEDERICK W. HILLES.

Trade Winds.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"Royal Charles."
Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY.

"The Name of Action."
Reviewed by HULBERT FOOTNER.

Round about Parnassus.
By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

"Liebste Mutter."
Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL.

The Reader's Guide.
By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER.

Next Week, or Later

The Early Chinese Novel.
By PEARL S. BUCK.

Mark My Words!

By HILAIRE BELLOC

WRITING men use, among other phrases, some which carry with them their own fate. And when I say writing men, I include myself. I mean journalists, publishers, hacks, scribblers, my brethren of the deplorable trade, this refuge of the incompetent. Such phrases are: "never more shall we see . . ." and "one thing is certain. . . ." Of these tom-fool challenges to the gods, none gives me more pleasure than the emphatic "mark my words . . ." coming at a climax of rhetoric.

I was a little over thirty years of age when I first began to notice the Act of God in this particular affair—or, as pagans would call it "the Woolen Feet of the Gods." Here you must allow me to digress, for in digression lies the multiplicity and therefore the fulness of writing.

The pagans worshipped gods; the Fathers of the Church, reacting with natural violence against the pagans, called those gods devils. But worse was to come, for there arose a generation so meagre that it would not have any gods at all, and it said that even the poor old pagan gods in spite of all their guts and go were figments of the brain. Now I, for my part, hold strongly to the following doctrine, which if any man deny, he is a donkey without wings: That the gods of the Pagans are lesser spirits, some evil but the most of them good fellows enough, and carrying out the purposes of a High God not very much more consciously than we do ourselves. There are then, let us take it, gods of the wood and the stream, of the air and the storm and the sea, and of fire, and of companionship and of repose, and of the hearth especially.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

But what about their Woolen Feet? At first sight the phrase might seem discourteous—I will not say disrespectful because I see no reason for worshipping pagan gods, much as I like them: but I say discourteous. A man or god does not like being told he has eccentric feet or hands or knees or shins or any part of his carcase. But the truth is that the pagans spoke here in metaphor. What they meant was that the Higher Powers follow us up slyly from behind without a sound, until they get within clubbing distance: then fell us to the earth. That is what they meant by "the Woolen Feet of the Gods." I will now end my digression and come back to the main stream—though that with some reluctance, for what is more pleasant than to get off at a junction, trundle through the countryside upon a one-line railway to Market Harrimore and Castle Wantring and Bishops Carvey, and other dirty little holes?

What is more pleasant than to stand upon firm land and watch the laboring barque upon the troubled sea? So asks the Latin poet, and I more pertinently answer that it is much more pleasant to eat green Marennes oysters, when these are in season, and not stricken with a disease as they have been during the past few years.

What is more pleasant than to leave the main course of a great river, and to plash slowly through backwaters, undisturbed by the launches and by the villa gardens?

But all good things come to an end. So I must return to my thesis.

I say I was a little more than thirty years of age when I first began to notice that the expression "mark my words . . ." was explosive: that the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

words were indeed marked, and accepted as a defiance. But it was five years more before I began to systematize the great affair, to set down record, to discover at last the awful law that the mere use of these words involved two necessary things: first, their being laughed to scorn by events; secondly, the stamping of their author upon the middle of the forehead with the word "Fool" in flaming letters and with the gift of oblivion. For those who must play the buffoon with Providence and set themselves up for prophets are not allowed to remember their errors, lest they should be corrected, and so from very shame avoid future occasions, but are rather lured on to make bigger mountebanks of themselves than before.

At last I acquired method in all this affair. And now after so many years, not only can I give you example upon example but every two or three days when I hear the Sacred Sentence again I thrill to it and fix the memory of it in my mind and await the inevitable crash.

All those years ago, when I was first beginning to treat the thing methodically, I came across a passage today significant. Myself a pro-Boer I read in my pro-Boer daily rag over the signature of another pro-Boer: "Mark my words! This war" (the South African war was then fizzling) "will prove the end of these inhuman conflicts. The public opinion of this country will henceforward impose a universal peace for ever, and her United Empire will become a model for the world."

I made no comment then and I make no comment now. But almost immediately another man came out with another: "Mark my words," he roared in print, "the English people will rise as one man and compel the Government to make peace and give the Boers their independence": and within five minutes after I had gone into my club a man had said to me: "Mark my words, victory is at hand"—he talked as though it were the Second Punic War—"and henceforward we shall hear nothing more of the South African Dutch."

From such origins my study or rather science began.

I have pursued it so fruitfully that today I have 157 major and 2,372 minor examples of "mark my words. . . ." In only 418 examples has not the irony of God fallen upon them like a ton of feathers or an obliterating fall of snow. And those 418 cases include the case of the man who wrote "Mark my Words, rents will rise in Bloomsbury; it is only a question of time."

A Frenchman comes next on my list. He wrote in the year 1902: "*Croyez Moi!* (Mark my words). We shall recover Alsace-Lorraine from the necessity of things, without firing a shot."

He mercifully died not long after, being an old man, and nothing more than a Paris journalist like any other. But in the very same week an English tourist whom I met in those parts bade me mark his words and mark them well: which were to the effect that within fifty years the whole world would be talking English. He had had his back put up by the inability of the people in his hotel to understand him.

But when I come to this great chapter of the book called "Mark my Words!" the chapter of the coming universality of the English language, I must beg you to allow me to expand. I know not what fool first started it, but I heard it first with my own ears in the office of a magazine very popular at the time and edited in Mowbray House on the embankment in the year of Our Lord God, 1889.

A thing called Imperialism was growing in full blast in those days and one of its high priests had just come back from South Africa.

Why Dutch South Africa, of all places, should have seemed to him a symbol of the spread of the English language God only knows, but so it was. He and those about him loudly proclaimed through their journals that English would be the universal tongue and they also, all those years ago, gave the limits of time wherein this delightful thing would happen. They also wrote "fifty years." It seems to be the ritual phrase. Well! there are ten more years to run. But then the man who invented that graphic piece of prophesy, "The Russian Steam Roller," wrote, later on, in the war, I think about 1917—in one of those futile books which pretended to be contemporary diaries and were published in a spate after the Armistice (his was called, if I remember rightly, "Dining with the Rich during the European War") that all the world would be talking English "in fifty years."

I suppose my little grandson, if he lives to a hearty old age, will read the footlers of the year 2,000 assuring him that the world will all be talking English in fifty years; unless, indeed, by that time even the footlers have grown ashamed of their footle: unless, indeed, by that time sharp experience, the stern schoolmaster of fools, has humbled their foreheads.

And surely a little experience is enough. Get you to the Riviera while it still pants out its miserable life and hear in any one of its horrible hotels "The Universal English Language," hear it from the black man and the yellow and the brown, hear it lisped by the Levantine, hear it with a noise like twenty brass bands from the teetotaller of the Middle West. Then before you go mad, get up the hills into the olives, shut your eyes, and dream a little while of the deep meadows of the Severn and of the rich voices of mowers, resting from the scythe. Let your mind sink into a half sleep until you are right back in Arcadia. When you have received this beatitude stumble up half awake, get you downhill again to the damnable hotel, listen to the English of China, Kalamazoo, Houndsditch, and Seringapatam, and ask yourself whether, indeed, the world is going to be like this in fifty years.

The truth is that this "fifty years" is but an imaginary, a fetish phrase. It is like the carrot held in front of the donkey's nose or like the ritual words: "Next year, Jerusalem," or William Rufus's "Next Year, Poictiers," or the more amiable "Wait till next Christmas!" with which I am accustomed to soothe my younger dependents when they demand large sums of money, powerful cars, and journeys to the Hesperides.

But this phrase "fifty years" is not the only one. There is also the besotted ape who uses the phrase "Mark my words, in ten years."

I knew one of these who lived a little before the war and had a great deal too much money. He busied himself with the beginning of petrol ("Not understanding how the dooms begin" as the poet sings). Two of his remarks still buzz perpetually in my soul. The first was as follows:

"Mark my words! In ten years not a horse will be seen in the streets of London."

The second was this:

"Mark my words! In ten years we shall drive in five minutes from our club in Pall Mall to our offices in the city."

Would I could call him back from Hades and his companionable devils, this man of 1912! Here we are in 1930 and are there horses in the streets of London? Are there? Did not I myself, who am entitled to far better treatment, slowly crawl in a taxi only last Thursday, the Ascension, behind a van drawn by one huge horse who had suffered all that horses can suffer and was ready for dissolution and so to Heaven? Did he not pace his funereal progress all the way down a narrow gut between a place where the street was up and the pavement, holding up behind him an innumerable procession of taxis, omnibuses, Rolls Royces belonging to rich lawyers, Fords belonging to Generals, and Baby Austins belonging to Little Dot?

And what about driving from "Our club in Pall Mall to Our offices in the city in five minutes?" We were to have done this in ten years—that is in 1922. I repeat, here we are in 1930, and do we spin from Our Clubs in Pall Mall to Our offices in the city in five minutes? Oh God, oh Montreal! Once more do I desire to call him back from the society of the damned and to set him out in the high noon of traffic from "my" club in Pall Mall, not indeed to "my" offices in the City, for I have none, but to the Mansion House, the residence of the Great Lord Mayor. I warrant him that before he has fumed in his third Chock-a-Block he will wish himself back with Beelzebub.

So never let us mark any of their words. They are not worth marking. Only one thing in this world is worth hearing, which is the voice of love, whether domestic, vagabond, sacred, or profane; to which I might tentatively add the noise of the flute on still summer waters at evening—a very grateful sound.

But, mark my words, all emphasis in prophesy, all insistence on particular judgment are a noisome burden.

Scribner's Magazine announces that the $5,000 prize in its long short story contest which closed September 20, 1930, has been awarded to John Peale Bishop for his "Many Thousands Gone." The judges were Malcolm Cowley, an editor of the *New Republic;* Gilbert Seldes, critic and author; and John Hall Wheelock, editor and author. The winning manuscript was selected from 1,672 entrants.

A Russian Prima Ballerina

THEATRE STREET. By TAMARA KARSAVINA. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

ALL the early part of Karsavina's reminiscences—her childhood in old Petersburg, her years as a pupil in the convent-like Imperial ballet-school—have the warmth, richness, and charm of a well-written and tender romance. A romance, indeed, it is, in a sense, that this now mature woman and artist is writing, for the little girl of those days is something finished and done and outside herself; part of another life and another age, as is that once imperial city and the Russia in which she learned Pushkin's poems by heart, dreamed of graduating one day from Theatre Street, prayed before the ikons and learned to dance.

There hangs over all this part of the *prima ballerina's* story a fragrance of the eighteenth century, as it hung, indeed, over that old Petersburg—the mingling of the formal and delicate; sylphs of the ballet fluttering behind the majestic Renaissance columns of Theatre Street; the *chinoiseries* of the Great Catherine's little theatre in the woods at Tsarskoeselo; social obscurantism warmed by a patriarchal and peculiarly Russian friendliness.

* * *

The ballet school and the little girls who went through their seven years of arduous, meticulous, yet sheltered and pleasant training there, had their place and future as definitely and respectfully fixed as the Foreign Office or any other branch or caste in the Imperial hierarchy. It had, literally, all the austerity and cloistered serenity of a convent. There was the all-knowing head mistress, the beadle wearing the imperial arms. One studied as girls would anywhere else in a "finishing" school, as well as learned to stand on one's "points"; walked a little in the garden, but knew nothing of the outside world. These little ladies were to be turned out, eventually, so that in addition to being artists of the ballet, they would be as nearly as possibly indistinguishable in manners and appearance from the ladies of society who watched them from the front.

Where else but in old Russia could there have been such a scene as that after a Lenten performance when the Emperor Alexander

expressed a wish to eat pancakes with the artists! All flew into commotion "as at a pike's bidding," as the Russian fairy-tale has it, tables were spread on trestles all along the stage, and everything provided. . . . Marie Feodorovna sat at the head of the table, and every one came up with his plate while she filled it out of a big dish of pancakes placed in front of her. She put on a little apron for the occasion. The Emperor alternately sat or walked among his guests and had a gracious word for everybody.

How remote from our Protestant and utilitarian West is that brief glimpse of the ballet-master making the sign of the Cross over his little pupil as the first notes of the orchestra's introduction sounded on the evening of her début (it was no further away than 1912!) in a *pas de deux* in the last act of "Javotte." How perfect, in its way, the admonition of the great dancer, Marie Sergueevna, to the students who threw down their shabby coats for her to walk over when she emerged with her inordinately jealous husband from the stage-door one rainy night—"'*Ramassez donc vos pelisses, Messieurs,*' she said, and passed on!"

* * *

The latter half of the book, after Karsavina has arrived; after she had broken through the enameled shell of that old Russia which was itself crumbling to pieces; when she danced in Stockholm, Paris, Buenos Aires; in London, in the "two a day"; when Sargent was painting her portrait, and she finally begins to gossip familiarly of such unglamorous subjects as Hugh Walpole and others of the literary shop—all this is quite another story. Interesting enough, perhaps, in its hurried, diary-like way, but without the perspective, the rhythm, the nostalgic charm of that other life, which, with its whole soil and framework, is so completely gone.

Notwithstanding this almost inevitable difference—so often it is more interesting to climb than to arrive!—the whole story is out of the ordinary and worth while. Few artists have ever written of themselves more intimately and persuasively, and we get to know, first and last, not only the *prima ballerina,* but a woman of charm, intelligence, and character.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Economics of Russia

THE ECONOMIC LIFE OF SOVIET RUSSIA. By CALVIN B. HOOVER. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931.

Reviewed by MAURICE HINDUS
Author of "Humanity Uprooted"

OF all the books on Russia that have recently made their appearance in this country Professor Hoover's is the only one that deals exclusively with the economics of the Soviet régime. From its title the reader might gain the impression that it is a treatise on a technical and not a particularly lively subject. In the hands of a mere economic expert it might have become only that. But Professor Hoover is more than an economic expert. He is an artist with a vivid imagination and with a brilliant pen. His facts and figures pulsate with the drama of life. In its own field his book is not only the most trustworthy source of information to be obtained in the English language, but a moving piece of writing. What lends it special merit is the faculty of the writer to brush aside details and to concentrate on essentials. Also he appraises facts with refreshing decisiveness. He writes without reservations, without apologies, with regard solely for the nature and the meaning of the evidence before him, and without the least attempt to explain away or to palliate the virtue or the meanness of either Soviet or capitalist theory and practice.

Mr. Hoover begins with a graphic survey of the general features, subjective and objective, of Soviet economy. Thus in the very first chapter he acquaints the reader with the essential differences between Russian and capitalist economic purpose and effort. Naturally enough the question of incentives, so preeminent in the minds of people accustomed to appraise human ambition in terms of material acquisitiveness, receives special emphasis. Hoover considers that for the wageworker material incentives are as pronounced under the Soviets as in any capitalist society. The managerial groups likewise enjoy certain special advantages, though they lack completely the material stimulations that a capitalist régime lavishes on them. But these groups, the author informs us, have something else to excite and enrapture them —lust for power. "The struggle for power," says he, "has replaced the struggle for wealth." This is a contentious point. Considering the checks and balances to which it is subject through discipline from above and self-criticism from below, power in Russia at best is an uncertain and not always an enjoyable attribute. The author, however, makes it evident that the struggle to achieve and to win yield no little gratification to Soviet executives.

In subsequent chapters the author draws on a large scale a verbal diagram of the physical and social mechanics of Soviet economy. In masterly fashion he sketches the history, structure, functions of Soviet industry, international trade, internal trade, banking, money, coöperation, labor organization. Always he emphasizes that, however freely the Russians may be drawing on capitalist experience for guidance, they are seeking to erect their economic structure on a pattern of their own, subordinated to a new purpose. Again and again he makes comparisons between the functioning of economic institutions in Russia and in the western world, and never hesitates to point out the shortcomings or the advantages of the one or the other.

The chapter on money is especially well written. Clinging to fact as staunchly as an engineer does to mathematical formula, the author traces out the extraordinary career of money under the Soviets and always relates it to its effects on Russian humanity. "As a result," says he, "of the shrinkage of the functions of money there has come about a curious change in the attitude of the population toward money. People no longer desire money itself with the almost unreasoning intensity which is frequently characteristic in a bourgeois society where money has sought or taken on independent value." Money has thus become an object of immediate convenience only, and people are interestd not in saving but in spending. It is this neutralization of the dynamic functions of money, the author informs us, that has enabled the Soviets to do things which would have been impossible under a competitive régime, namely, to keep the price level of commodities in the face of acute shortages, firm and comparatively low, and to forge ahead undisturbed with its program of internal development.

The subject of the peasantry and of agriculture receives spirited consideration throughout the book. The longest chapter is devoted exclusively to a discussion of this subject. The author follows out step by step and with complete mastery of essentials the changing policy of the Communists toward the *muzhik*, and makes it obvious that with the coming of the Socialist offensive in 1929, collectivization of the land was as inevitable as the practical nullification of the *nep* (new economic policy, extending concession to private enterprise) in the city. His discussion of the koolack, whose chief sin was his ability to whip out of the land superior crops and to store away a larger share of material goods than the Communists deemed safe for the Revolution, is especially apt.

Nevertheless this is the weakest chapter in the book. The author seems to be unaware of the tremendous gains that the peasant had made in the years when the nep flourished, roughly between 1923 and 1928 inclusively. The standards of living of the mass of peasants during this period in food, in clothing, in social diversion, in cultural satisfaction, had risen markedly. The sweep of the socialist offensive in 1929 had shaken down more or less seriously certain of these gains, notably in food, though by no means as seriously for the peasant as for the city dweller. But in the years of the nep,

The World
FINAL NEWS EDITION
Woman Who Offered to Tell About Vice Framing Found Strangled in Park in Bronx
Strangler's Victim—Her Letter
BOMBS IS VETOED; HOUSE OVERRIDES HOOVER, 328-79
BANK INDICTMENTS UPHELD BY COURT; NEW DEFENSE PLAN
Scripps-Howard Buy World As Court Permits Sale and Pulitzers Fulfill Contract
Statement by the Trustees On Sale of World Papers
FRAZER CONFESSES IN STADER KILLING
DEACONESS AIDED IN A 'VICE' ARREST
CAUCUS REMAINS BOTH OF WORLD OFFICERS OF HOUSE; STATES POLICIES
Mother Speechless 4 Years Exclaims 'My Boy!' as He Shoots Himself Dead
Hurricane Kills 250 in Fiji Isles; Floods Ravage 3 Districts
Slow's Sense of Fun Amazing to Chaplin As They Jump Fence
Stop Loan Cut Rates to Europe So Jobless Aliens Can Go Home

The last issue of the *World*
(See page 662)

because money had ceased to lure him, the peasant had been stocking up on manufactured goods, particularly on clothes. Whenever he sold anything he hastened to buy something, with the result that in spite of the acute shortage of manufactured goods in recent months he has suffered no visible deterioration in dress. Never in all Russian history has the muzhik been so well-booted as now, or has he made such wide use of rubbers, handkerchiefs, top shirts, collars and ties, underwear, and even city made suits of clothes.

The author likewise ignores the effect on peasant psychology of the extravagant promises that the Communists are now making in the effort to draw him into collectivization. Also he underestimates the possible consequences of the political education that the peasant is now receiving and of the lessons in organization that collectivization is bringing to him. Professor Hoover's opinion that the voice of the peasant counts for naught in the collective farm is founded on meager personal experience. Had he attended a number of mass meetings on these farms he might have felt that the real conflict between the Communists and the peasants is still a matter of the future. For this reason his implied conclusion that the Communists have conquered the peasant is in my judgment premature. It is likewise regrettable that he has seen fit to print the story that "the women on the collective are encouraged and sometimes compelled to cut off their hair for sale abroad." A peasant woman can no more be compelled to cut off her hair than to cut her throat.

These, however, are minor failings. In a book of so comprehensive a nature certain misstatements and errors in judgment are unavoidable, especially in view of the fluidity of things in Russia. The author, however, has succeeded in being objective without being dull—a real achievement in expository writing. His knowledge of Russian gives the book a special value and a special charm; on the whole it is a well digested, finely integrated, brilliantly written account of the most complicated feature of the Soviet régime.

The Red Herring of Equality

LIBERTY IN THE MODERN STATE. By HAROLD J. LASKI. New York: Harper & Bros. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN CORBIN

PROFESSOR LASKI differs from the authors of several recent books on constitutional liberty in that he discusses its relation to equality. His candor is admirable, though his logic may possibly be less so. He grants that men are not, as our Declaration of Independence insisted, "created equal." They differ widely at birth, more widely in maturity. "To treat men so different as Newton and Cromwell, Byron and Rousseau, in a precisely similar way is patently absurd." He even admits, indeed insists, that "the idea of equality" is "an idea of leveling." But of the process of leveling which he advocates he proffers this curious description: "It is an attempt to give each man as similar a chance as possible to utilize what powers he may possess."

Is anyone so illiberal as not to be, heart and soul, for equality thus defined? Common sense, it is true, registers a demurrer. Even in courts of justice, where men's *chances* are most nearly equal, they are not very "similar." A wealthy murderer has every chance of being found insane—and ultimately, as William Travers Jerome put it in the course of a celebrated case, of being "committed to Rector's." A powerful corporation has a swell chance when sued by John Citizen before a jury of John Citizens! But suppose every man had every chance "to utilize what powers he may possess." Would the result be an equalitarian leveling? Some of us would remain the morons we were born while others became Newtons or Byrons. Far from leveling us up or down, such equality could only develop and make manifest the astounding differences between man and man. Somewhere there must be a catch. Perhaps it will help us to find it if we ask for a definition not of equality but of liberty. I know of none better than precisely that—"to give each man as similar a chance as possible to utilize what powers he may possess."

* * *

All this may perhaps seem logic-chopping. Whatever it is, it is necessary; for the idea that an effective equality is possible—to say nothing of being compatible with liberty and essential to it—is fundamental in the doctrine of the entire school of political thinkers among whom Professor Laski is one of the ablest and most learned. The men who wrote our Constitution knew that, root and branch, the idea was "patently absurd"—that as a political theory carried to its logical conclusion equality is the very negation, the arch enemy, of liberty. But ever since Jefferson's stirring phrase served as slogan for our Revolution, this term, which corresponds to no human fact biological or political, and is therefore quite undefinable, has served as a red herring across the trail of the democratic movement, diverting our minds from the fact that its true goal is socialism—indeed anarchy.

In Professor Laski's case, the scent of the red herring is especially strong in his definition of liberty —the similarity of which to his definition of equality is obvious:

> I mean by liberty the absence of restraint upon those social conditions which, in modern civilization, are the necessary guarantees of individual happiness. . . . Liberty is essentially an absence of restraint. It implies power to expand, the choice by the individual of his own way of life without imposed prohibitions from without. Men do not, as Hegel insists, find their liberty in obedience to law.

* * *

As always, the emphasis is on the individual. The idea that collective control is essential to freedom is whistled down the wind. Of Hegel's philosophic generalization I make no defense. A quite similar course of thought led Rousseau, in the end, to postulate in his socialistic state a complete subservience of the individual. The true recourse is to practice—or, rather, to theory put into practice. Washington and John Adams, Hamilton and Madison and James Wilson, had all a deep regard for the liberties of the individual; but the bitter experience of those years during which the Jeffersonian slogan guided political action had taught all who were capable of learning that collective control is also necessary—that no man "can utilize what powers he may possess" unless society as a whole is effectively organized for all general purposes. Neither principle is absolute in anything like the sense of Hegel and Rousseau. Life is a matter of give and take. Peter and Paul rob

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

each other; only by so doing can either get an adequate share of what is due him.

Professor Laski, it is true, does not absolutely deny the need of collective control; in a certain measure his vision is as realistic as his learning is prodigious. And, whatever may be said of his ideas, his human instincts are vigorous and warm. His arraignments of the abuse of authority during and after the war, the invasions of individual rights, are filled with a fervor for justice and freedom which must waken an echo in every liberal heart. But not without impunity can the idea of liberty be so thoroughly clouded by the pipe-dream of equality. The degree of individual liberty which he postulates could only mean a complete breakdown of collective control and the probable ruin of the nation. "All restrictions upon freedom of expression on the ground that they are seditious . . . are contrary to the well-being of society." One has only to object conscientiously to be freed from wartime service. "The opposition of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Snowden to the war of 1914 was a fulfilment on their part of the highest civil obligation. . . . If a man sincerely thinks, like James Russell Lowell, that war is merely an alias for murder, it is his duty to say so even if his pronouncement is inconvenient to the government of the day." Inconvenient! He warmly approves of general strikes such as that of 1927 in England, which crippled a nation already prostrated by the war. And he adds: "Quite frankly, I should have liked to see a general strike proclaimed against the outbreak of the war in 1914." To the philosophic mind it would be an equal pleasure to see how conscientious objectors would be treated by victorious Germans. Fortunately Professor Laski himself relieves one of the necessity of calling names. "If it is objected that this is a doctrine of contingent anarchy . . . my answer is that the accusation is true."

In England as in America collective control will doubtless continue to be recognized as the *alter ego* of individual liberty, and will continue to be exerted with increased rigor in wartime. Perhaps nothing could be more reassuring on this score than the fact that a man who harbors and disseminates such ideas has held a chair of Political Science, and has been honored in it, both at Harvard and the University of London.

Tommy Atkins's War

THE JESTING ARMY. By ERNEST RAYMOND. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by STANLEY WENT

THE author of "The Jesting Army" has given us a picture of the war which most of those who served in the British army, at any rate, will find more authentic than the highly individualized war books which have achieved the greatest popularity. Mr. Raymond tells us that his novel was conceived long before the present crop of war books, as the second volume of a trilogy covering the period of his own life. The first volume appeared last year under the title "A Family That Was"; the third, dealing with the post-war years, is to appear in due course. Each may be read independently of the others, though the central character, one Tony O'Grogan, is the same in all three.

Tony O'Grogan, in the present volume, is the nominal hero only. The real hero is the British Army itself, with one unit of which Tony goes, as a young officer, to Gallipoli, to Syria, and finally to France. Most of those who served as officers in the British forces will gladly subscribe to the author's thesis, that the army owed its ultimate victory to the indomitable good temper of the British private. Thomas Atkins was as incapable of Prussian hate as he was of the patriotic heroics of the French. Indeed, of all the absurdities committed by the War Office not the least was the official attempt to inculcate in Thomas a devastating ferocity towards his enemies. "Remember," cries the physical jerks walla (who himself has sedulously cultivated a "cushy" job at home) as he spurs his class to dig their bayonets into the straw and canvas simulacra of Prussian guardsmen,—"Remember, the honly good 'Un is a dead 'Un! Give it 'im, the bastard! Stick 'im in the stummick! Now get on ter the next —ar-r-r." And the fundamentally good-natured Tommies, rather enjoying this play acting, would do their best with gutteral cries and horrible grimaces to simulate a hate that never for a moment entered into their souls.

And Thomas, cursing, growsing, joking, "——d, fed-up and far from home," muttering of mutiny which never materialized till after the Armistice, (The French had theirs in 1916) and then was a flash in the pan, not unduly cast down by defeat nor over-elated by victory, was a product that somehow justified the race—or so it seemed to young Tony O'Grogan when he came face to face with the inevitable disillusionment and nerve-shock of the war.

Mr. Raymond's volume will doubtless be criticized as "sentimental" (most damning of adjectives) by the generation which takes a rather condescending attitude towards the late unpleasantness and likes its war stories stark and unrelieved by humor, but Thomas Atkins was himself the most incurable of sentimentalists (did he not love to drone out sloppy ditties about his mother? How did it go? Something about "my dear old mother: Lordy, lordy, lordy, how I love her"), and this war of Tony O'Grogan's is much more the war of the average British soldier than some of the private wars of more temperamental writers.

A Diplomat of Distinction

PORTRAIT OF A DIPLOMATIST. By HAROLD NICOLSON. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by FREDERICK W. HILLES
Yale University

WHEN Arthur Nicolson (later Lord Carnock) was still relatively young and had acquired but little reputation in diplomatic circles, he made his wife a confession and expressed to her a wish. "Do you know," he wrote her, "that I feel sure I should have been a literary man if my lines had fallen otherwise? From my early boyhood I always had an inclination to scribble and I am sure my editorship of the journal at Oxford increased this desire. . . . Let us hope one of our boys will take to letters." He lived long enough to see one of his sons accepted as a literary biographer of distinction, and it is in that son's account of him that he will probably live for posterity.

One might have expected that Harold Nicolson's "Portrait of a Diplomatist" would have been the most perfect of biographies. In the first place he had at hand the necessary raw materials—his father's diary, much of his personal correspondence, and a draft of his inedited memoirs. Moreover, he himself, like Lord Carnock, had seen service in the Foreign Office and had lived in British Embassies on three continents. And unlike most sons who have written of their fathers, he had shown in four biographical studies of nineteenth century poets that he was a capable craftsman in this branch of literature. Thus equipped he might have produced a work comparable to Boswell's. That he has not done so is to be regretted, but the blame for this must rest not on the writer but on the spirit of the age.

Since the normal reader of today is unwilling to wade through a voluminous "Life and Times," Mr. Nicolson's task was to compress into little more than three hundred pages the experiences of an octogenarian who for forty-seven years had taken an active part in European diplomacy. For the sake of literary form he was forced to exclude much of his material and stress but one side of his father's career. To the first twenty years of the life but four pages are devoted; four pages again are sufficient to describe the thirteen years Lord Carnock spent after retiring in 1916. The body of the text depicts the career of the ambassador and statesman of pre-war days. In such a book the principal figure is inevitably submerged in the vast sea of international politics. To counteract this Mr. Nicolson has endeavored as far as possible to portray that sea as his father saw it. It is through Arthur Nicolson's eyes that we gaze at the machinations of rival statesmen; it is Arthur Nicolson who describes to us the convention at Algeciras or the efforts made to preserve the Anglo-Russian Entente. Slowly, as we turn the pages, his character emerges, becomes individualized; and though we are not conscious of having read "facts" about him, his personality has made its impress upon us. Admirable as this unquestionably is, it does not make for good biography. We are given a portrait instead of a life.

This by no means destroys the value of the book, which has been written with commendable impartiality. "The historians of the war," states the author, "are bound, from lack of space, to throw the maximum emphasis upon the period when England was sitting digestive in her armchair, and when Germany, young and hungry, was manifesting the unwisdom of adolescence. Before we blame Germany, we must first blame our own Elizabethans. The spirit was exactly the same; the Germans, however, owing to a higher state of culture and rectitude, behaved less blatantly; and were less successful." Equally objective is his treatment of his father. Lord Carnock is placed upon no pedestal. His faults as well as his virtues, his failures as well as his successes, find their way into these pages. Were the book written under a pseudonym, none but the most acute of readers would suspect it had been composed by a relative. Some may be annoyed at the self-conscious way in which the author refers to himself (which he does some four or five times) as Arthur Nicolson's third or youngest son. This however is preferable to the opposite extreme. The remarks of Cowley which Mr. Nicolson himself quotes in his "Development of English Biography" might be applied to those lives written by close relations of the celebrity. "It is," said he, "a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise from him." In this respect Mr. Nicolson has succeeded as well as mere mortal can. Nor has he lost his faculty for being brilliant and entertaining, although we find him for the most part more moderate and restrained, as befits his subject. Most assuredly the book has been written with care, and though not what the author himself has defined as "pure" biography, it is nevertheless well worth reading.

Let us not forget the Queen's good qualities. She had warm personal affections, she was good to her servants, even bestowing tobacco on "good old Mrs. Leys, an aunt of Brown's"; she must have been a wonderful grandmother, and she was the most remembering widow in history.

The Vestal Copyright Bill, which was the last in the long series of attempts to put American copyright on a decent basis and enable us to join the International Copyright Union, has been defeated by the dog-in-the-manger tactics of one "selfish old man," as the *Evening Post* calls him, Senator Thomas of Oklahoma, who filibustered it to death with other important bills while he explained to the country what Congress ought to have done for Oklahoma. The bill passed the House by a large majority and would have passed the Senate also, if Senator Thomas had allowed it to come to a vote.

The loss of a bill so carefully prepared and so strongly backed by all those properly interested is a disaster, but no more serious than this new blow to the confidence of judicious observers in the Senate as a body capable of self-regulation in the interest of good government for the country as a whole. We doubt whether Oklahoma will approve of the Senator's disastrous and undignified method of advertising the economic difficulties which it shares with the rest of the country, for Oklahoma has a great university and a vigorous and enlightened civilization rising above its farms and oil wells. The writers of the country, as the *Herald Tribune* says, have little direct political influence, but much indirect. Their typewriters grind slowly but they grind exceeding long and fine. The Vestal Bill will be revived, and Senator Thomas may yet learn what it means to be responsible for the nation's business.

Henrik Pontoppidan, seventy-three years old, Danish winner of the Nobel Prize for literature in 1917, was dangerously injured recently when he was struck by a taxicab as he was crossing a slippery road. When asked if he would prosecute the driver, the author replied: "No, I am an old man and had no business to venture out in such bad weather."

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Managing Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.....*Contributing Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.....*Contributing Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*

Published weekly, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates per year, postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. VII. No. 33.

The Saturday Review is indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature."

Copyright, 1931, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green

Trade Winds

WHEN I saw that my old friend Quercus had bobbed up in print again, I hastened round to his bookshop to pass the time of day. It was long since I had been there, and I was wondering how Trade Depressions, Dollar Books, and other recent excitements had affected him. His answer to the Dollar Book agitation was characteristic: in his window I saw a set of the Rudge edition of the *Boswell Papers*, for $900. "I had to do it," he said. "An ingenious lady in this neighborhood announced she was starting a Thousand Dollar Bookshop, no book sold below that price. The *Boswell Papers* aren't a thousand, but I didn't want my bluestocking trade to think I was being outclassed. Jocunda 'll sell it all right. She's got most of her Junior League friends bulldozed into feeling they simply don't exist socially unless those bright scarlet boxes show up in the living room."

I asked after Jocunda and young Amherst; I had not supposed they would have lasted so long in the book trade. As a matter of fact I thought they might have been married by this time.

"Married? Those two? They know each other much too well. I had to give them a few days off when the *World* went out of business, they were both so prostrated. Amherst is the sentimentalist, you know; he felt that it was a grave blow to Liberalism. Jocunda on the other hand had given up the *World* some time back; the *Times* is her paper. It would amuse you to see her sit down after breakfast and go steadily through it. She gets perfectly furious when anyone says the *Times* is dull. Irreverent child: she hasn't any sense of decorum at all. She offended Amherst seriously by quoting Mitchell Kennerley's *mot*, that the *World* perished some time ago, at one fell Swope. What prostrated her was the *American's* attempt to cajole former readers of the *World*. She's out now calling on architects and interior decorators. She's compiling a list of all the apartment houses on Park Avenue that have bookshelves 16¼ inches high. They have to be that height to take the tallest of the *Boswell Papers* volumes."

As a matter of fact, old Quercus seems to enjoy Trade Depressions and periods of intellectual readjustment. "Each of the newspapers, except the good old *Times*," he said, "has been telling us how bright and pungent and amusing it is. But I don't read newspapers to be amused. I can amuse myself. You know Jocunda thinks Amherst and I are both terribly philistine because we glance surreptitiously at Cal Coolidge's daily penseroso. Poor Amherst! she has razzed him so hard about that, and about *Show Book*, he has been a bit peevish. He quite innocently thought that *Show Book*, a mercator's projection of extracts from current fiction, might help our business a little. He was going to order a copy, but she took one look at it and declared that it was beneath the intellectual horizon of our customers. Of course she was right; but I wish she weren't right in such positive fashion. After the Priestley interviews lately she was so excercised that she took Michael Arlen out to tea and was away all afternoon. She said it was her duty to literature, but we lost a lot of business. She has a debilitating effect on Young Amherst too. She gave him a subscription to *The Colophon* as a Christmas present, and now he will hardly sell anything unless it is something numbered and signed on Japan paper from a private press. Yes, this rearing young people to the realities of the book trade is a complicated ordeal."

It is lucky, I was thinking, that old Quercus draws regular royalties from the estate of his father, who invented some specially hardy kind of Danish pastry.

"I see the Senate did nothing about the Copyright Bill," I said.

"I never expected it would. People in the Senate don't read books. But next session I'm going to send Jocunda down there to lobby for copyright. She'll talk them into it. But perhaps America doesn't deserve to have any authors. Only lecturers.

"I've been rereading Tolstoy," he continued. "You know Tolstoy didn't believe it was right to make money out of his books, so he gave away his copyright to all and sundry. The effect was quite different from what you might expect. Instead of there being all sorts of reputable editions, no publisher took any decent pains with Tolstoy's work, because no one felt he could build up a strong property. Until the always high-spirited Oxford University Press took hold of the matter lately, there have been very few trustworthy editions of Tolstoy in English. Aylmer Maude has written for the Oxford Press a very interesting little sketch of Tolstoy's life and publishing history. He says that more than 50 English and American publishers have taken a hack at Tolstoy—that's not his phrase, but it's accurate. And the translations into French are terrible too. But look at the little *World's Classics* editions now appearing—unmutilated, honestly translated, and only 80 cents each. Did you ever read *A Confession and What I Believe*, or *What Then Must We Do?* I am inclined to believe sometimes that Aylmer Maude is right when he says Tolstoy is so much the greatest writer of the nineteenth century that we forget to ask who came second. And the history of Tolstoy proves how important copyright is. What is everybody's property is nobody's property. I only hope that Jocunda won't start reading Tolstoy: if she does she will *never* do any work in the shop. I've always tried to conceal from her any knowledge of the Oxford Press's wonderful Book Room down at 114 Fifth Avenue. If she ever gets in there and sees what they have for an inquiring mind, good bye Quercus.

"I discovered lately a little posthumous volume of George Gissing's stories, called *A Victim of Circumstances*. It was published in London by Constable in 1927, I don't remember whether anyone brought it out on this side. Of course it wouldn't sell, but how enchanting it is for the 1500 or so happy pessimists who enjoy Gissing's low-spirited and high-minded soliloquies. You made quite a sensible remark once in writing about Gissing; that the mournfulness and humble locale of most of his stories and his sombre grievance against the social system, makes them the happiest reading for fits of melancholy."

"Yes indeed," I replied; "and when was there ever an author whose own personal crotchets and experience come out so plainly in his writing; never for an instant in any of his characters does he forget what George Gissing has been through. Enchanting creature!" "He is an Encyclopædia Britannica of domestic woe," said Quercus gaily. "How he must infuriate women. But I was thinking of one of the stories in this collection, of a poor devil who is hunting a job. He goes to the Newspaper Room of the Public Library to study the ads. But the drug of random reading gets into his system, he spends day after day in stupefied perusal of paper after paper and magazine after magazine. Meanwhile he is living on the struggles of his poor little wife and her generous young brother. It is a lovely example of Gissing's irony at its happiest. He knew, and I know, the mystic and maddening and cowardly joy of that immersion in print. Reading just for the sensual glut of the mind, reading as a drug. More and more, as civilization gets harder, people take the press as a narcotic. There are Federal laws against drugs and narcotics; maybe there ought to be a law against newspapers. That's what Jocunda is smart enough to see about the New York *Times*. It doesn't attempt to lull you with vaudeville. It terrifies you with facts. She's a woman; she likes to be terrified."

"What about young Amherst?" I asked. "He is in no danger of Mergenthaler hypnosis, is he?"

"Reader, I Hired Him," exclaimed Quercus. "Let him pass for a bookseller. Happy man, he takes everything at its face value. He is one of the few really honest people. He wouldn't even enter the Camel cigarette prize contest because he never smokes them. Jocunda, the philosophical casuist, urged him to do so; because, she said, suppose he won a prize, how much jack he would have to spend on other kinds of cigarettes. No, he said that would be disingenuous."

Just then Jocunda came hurrying in, her small face alight with excitement. "My *dear*," she cried, "I was looking over the shelves at the Academy Book Shop on 59th Street—I like that place because it's run by a poet—and I found a copy of *Shirley*. I *must* read it. It begins *divinely*. Listen to the first sentence: *of late years an abundant shower of curates has fallen upon the north of England.* Isn't that *priceless?* I'm going to write it up for the Junior League. Listen, I'll educate those children if it slays me."

Quercus grinned amiably at me behind his spectacles, and went back to Tolstoy.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A Royal Ironist

ROYAL CHARLES, RULER AND RAKE. By DAVID LOTH. New York: Brentano's. 1930. $4.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

> Here lies our sovereign lord the King,
> Whose word no man relies on,
> Who never said a stupid thing
> And never did a wise one.

SO rhymed that accomplished wit and libertine, John Wilmot, second Earl of Rochester, of his friend and master Charles II, and the king negligently replied, "Ah, my Lord, my discourse is my own; my actions are my ministers." Both gentlemen laughed and the hearers accepted both criticism and retort as just. It has taken history a long time to reveal all the irony in Charles's parry, and to disclose how far Rochester's last line was from the truth, for Charles II took as much pains to conceal his abilities from the world as his cousin Louis XIV took to display his, and it pleased the king of England to see the ill effects of his policies blamed on the ministers he consistently duped, while he took his own devious course unobserved. If it ever occurred to Charles that the opinion of his contemporaries, which served to his ends so neatly, might also be the judgment of posterity, he was too much the realist to be worried by the reflection.

Against the knaves, the fools, and the fanatics with whom he was surrounded after his restoration, Charles II fought with the weapon of comedy. England was suspicious of kings. Only by seeming a careless, pleasure-loving lounger could Charles avoid the risk of going again on his travels before he could gather the realities of power into his own hands. His aims were not the aims of his people; his methods were not those of which the moralists can approve. But it is hard for the modern observer not to feel that his aims were often wiser than his time, and certainly his methods were so successful that at his death the royal power was more strongly consolidated than it had been since the death of Elizabeth, and only his solemn brother's perfect genius for ineptitude could have wrecked it so soon.

* * *

Of such a monarch, perhaps the shrewdest, certainly the wittiest and most amusing that ever sat on the throne of England, it would be difficult for anyone armed with the fruits of modern researches to write a dull biography. Mr. Loth's new life of Charles the Second is not dull. To it he brings a style that is constantly readable and lively, occasionally vivid and memorable, and a reading wide enough to include a fair share of the wealth of contemporary memoirs as well as the best modern studies.

Of Charles the man, his early adventures, his friends and amusements, and the bewildering succession of amours in which he showed himself the true grandson of Henri IV, Mr. Loth draws an acceptable picture. Some of one's favorite stories, some of the wittiest and the most apt contemporary anecdotes, are unexpectedly missing, but enough remain. Charles the ruler does not receive such full justice. Perhaps Mr. Loth was unwilling to risk wearying the reader with too much politics, but without more knowledge of the temper of English society and the complexities of European diplomacy than his book yields, one is in danger of missing the plot of the drama in which with so much gusto Charles played a leading part.

* * *

In particular the gorgeous story of the dissolution of the Oxford Parliament, the comedy of the sedan chair with which Charles turned the tables on the Whigs and prepared the days of his triumph, is sadly scamped in the telling. And of the Tory reaction that followed, of the surrender of the Charters and the reorganization of the boroughs, of all steps that would have given any sovereign but that inspired blunderer James II a strangle hold for years on Parliament, and towards which the policy of the king had so long been tending, the significance is missed completely.

It is in the closing pages of the volume that Mr. Loth's tendency to separate the biography of the ruler from the history of his reign becomes the most regrettable. What this reviewer is really saying, of course, is that it is too bad the book is not longer. That is a considerable compliment for any book, and in this case, a deserved one.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Life and Death

A Great Institution

By Allan Nevins

OTHER newspapers have come to their appointed ends amid general regret; but the feeling at the death of the *World* can fairly be called grief. The most diverse people expressed themselves in a single tone. The old subscribers who admitted that they read that last issue, once they had overcome their sense of incredulity, with swimming eyes. The woman speaker at a luncheon meeting who referred to the *World's* disappearance, and unexpectedly halted to fumble with a handkerchief. The janitor, stopping the elevator with an emotional jerk as he replied: "Did it make any difference to me? Say, I feel as if somebody I'd known for twenty years had died." The feminine voice floating across a restaurant: "He misses the *World* so much—says every morning he can't get over it." Why did it arouse such a sense of not merely a community blow but of personal loss? Because of all the newspapers of the metropolis it had the clearest-cut personality. It was a living, breathing entity, which its readers loved for its weaknesses and foibles as well as its merits and strength.

It is a curious fact that in our headlong, mutable American civilization one of the best repositories of tradition should be found here and there in a newspaper. Universities, churches, parties are not more mindful of a continuing heritage than the finest of these publications which are born anew every morning. The old *Evening Post* tradition, now no more; the Springfield *Republican* tradition, still potent; the Boston *Transcript* tradition; the tradition in the making by the "*Sun*-papers" of Baltimore—these are or were tenacious. The *World*, as a great metropolitan journal of varied clientèle, had a tradition broader than any of those named. The tradition was at once authoritative and lively, dignified and vulgar, cultivated and aggressive. Undefined and undefinable, it governed everything in the paper. By virtue of it the *World* made its impress on American life. The name, the franchise, may be sold, but that is gone; it can no more be transferred to the Scripps-Howard press than the soul can be transplanted from a youth cut down in battle.

At the core of the tradition was a set of fixed principles. Rather, perhaps, we should say that there was one controlling principle. "An institution," ran the familiar words of the masthead, "that should always fight for progress and reform." The employees were always trained to regard it as an institution. The belief that it was a property may have found lodgment downstairs in the first-floor counting-room. It never penetrated to the two strange circular floors for the editors just under the gilt dome, nor, I believe, to the news room on the top floor next the dome. A property cannot do much for reform; an institution can. And the elder Pulitzer did not say that the *World* would advocate reform, or strive for reform; he said that it would fight for it. Journalism is blessed with many newspaper properties which mildly support reform and take unction to their souls for doing so; the institutions that fight for reform can be counted on a few fingers, and at the head of the list was always the *World*. It was the only newspaper office where I ever encountered an absolute sense of pride in the number of libel suits that were constantly—and successfully—being defended.

When Pulitzer used the word reform it had a more belligerent connotation than today. In 1883 reform meant what Grover Cleveland had done in Buffalo and was doing in Albany, with results shortly to be seen in a rebirth of the Democratic party. It meant the fighting causes which had so angered Conkling and had led him to say that Dr. Johnson, in remarking that patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel, overlooked the enormous possibilities in the word reform. It meant tariff reform when that was a glorious crusade, in which economists, editors, and practical politicians, the William Graham Sumners, Godkins, Schurzes, George W. Curtises, and Carlisles all joined hands. It meant the desperate type of struggle against Tammany in which Tilden, Hewitt, and Parkhurst confronted Kelly and Croker. It implied a dozen fighting enterprises in the effort to bring under control the economic greed and lawless individualism which had followed the Civil War and the full triumph of capitalism.

To put into a brief formula the principle which animated the whole course of the *World*, from 1883 to 1931, we may say that its editors felt themselves engaged in a general fight of the people against privilege. That would cover the work of the three great arbiters of the editorial policy of the *World*—Joseph Pulitzer, who was the real editor till his death in 1911, his indomitable resolution keeping all his intellectual interests keen and his grip firm despite the onslaughts of disease and blindness; Frank I. Cobb, to whom Wilson resorted for his surest political advice; and Walter Lippmann, who to many of us seemed to hold the strongest editorial pen of his generation. The formula would cover every contest in which the *World* ever engaged. The spoils of office were simply the special privilege which the politicians arrogantly claimed. The tariff, from McKinley's bill to Smoot's, was simply the special privilege which the still more arrogant manufacturers, controlling the party which controlled the government, exacted. The exposure of the life insurance scandals, the *World's* proudest single feat, was the exposure of corporate privilege growing fat on the savings of the people.

This conviction of being enlisted in a great popular battle, which animated Joseph Pulitzer and every other worker on the *World* till its death, held certain clear implications for the conduct of the news pages as well as the editorial page. A newspaper which fought for the people had to be read of the people. It could not occupy the ivory citadel which Godkin, applying the principles of Manchester liberalism to American conditions, so long held. If it were to be an accredited tribune of the people, it had to count its following by the hundreds of thousands—and till Pulitzer appeared, no American daily did that. The sensational features by which Pulitzer deliberately catered to the masses obviously had their evil side. It is well known that he came in his last years to doubt the wisdom of this part of his policy. He realized that he had helped create a force which somehow had got away from him, which had grown too great for his control. But the underlying philosophy, which was that a battle for popular rights is best waged by a paper that commands popular confidence, was sound.

In another respect also the news pages played a new rôle. The great original invention of the *World's* editors in journalistic warfare was a close union of editorial aggressiveness with news aggressiveness. It became the newspaper of exposure. It was manœuvred and fought as a captain manœuvres and fights his battleship. A glorious sense its employees felt when it was engaged in one of its greater battles. Everyone participated. It was delightful to watch the preliminary strategy; the opening guns; and the first full broadsides. Then day by day one saw the corps of trained reporters and correspondents digging into the facts, and unloading their store of revelations as so much high exposive; day by day the salvos of editorials shook the craft; through the smoke we saw the hits registered on the target. Such was the *World's* fight against the Klan in the South and West; its battle against the convict leasing system in backward States; its struggle against the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. Before the last months of poverty, fighting of some kind seemed continuously under way. One lost track of the engagements, only to count them at the end of the year in the "*World* Almanac's" résumé. They required hard planning and harder work. News was not passively received, but had to be created; blows were not merely given, but taken. But this was the type of fighting which the *World* originated and which set it apart.

The *World* was thus always a reformer *ad hoc*. It had principles, but it was their immediate application to a definite situation which interested it. Other newspapers might print editorials against racial intolerance; but the *World* struck at the Grand Kleagle in Indiana, and raised a fund to enable George Dale of Muncie to carry his case to the Supreme Court. Other journals might denounce indecency; but the *World* drove the "art" magazine from the newsstands. It was criticized for truculence, for letting its private crusades shoulder more important news from its front page, and for inconsistency. In these criticisms there was truth—and yet they were rightly taken as indirect tributes.

It was the cumulative effect of these crusades and exposures which counted. In retrospect the *World's* chief service may well seem simply as an arch-foe of complacency and inertia. As Herbert Spencer once pointed out, these are prime defects of the American character. They are bred by our general prosperity, our lack of class lines and consequent social good-nature, and the fact that we have necessarily been occupied with the conquest of our broad continent and not with making nice internal adjustments. We needed an institution which cared about the maladjustments. We required an organ which, instead of letting well enough alone and trusting that all would come out right, would be fierce in its rage over injustices, and insistent on the fact that small evils sometimes grow into perils. Frequently everything does come out well. Sometimes it does not—sometimes the policy of drift, of taking the general beneficence of men and fate for granted, ends in misfortunes like the oil scandals in Washington, or the present fruits of prohibition all over America, or even so unmistakable a disaster as the World War. It is well for journalism to provide a raucous, disturbing, persistent voice to cry from time to time that all is not well, and to urge upon thinking citizens a Roman sternness toward public affairs.

Those who have given any special study to social history during the past fifty years realize that the rôle of the *World* in doing just this was far more important than casual observers suppose. It helped to start movements much greater than itself. In the early 'eighties Joseph Pulitzer originated his aggressive new type of journalism. He developed his newspaper in the later 'eighties. In the 'nineties, largely through the work of journalists who had watched the *World*, the muck-raking magazine took its beginnings. One of its founders was S. S. McClure, who had sold syndicate articles to the *Sunday World*. The feeling that vigilance, skepticism, and readiness to fight evils were better than placid trust in the Almighty increased and gave color to politics. Muckraking and exposure in their best aspects were far from negligible agencies in creating the Progressivism of Roosevelt and Wilson. In this long period the belligerent Pulitzer press was but one of many factors laboring toward stronger social and economic controls and purer government. But like the falling rock that starts an avalanche, it helped to unlock other forces.

Such a crusading newspaper, with a hard-hitting editorial page, is troublesome; but we needed it. A few months ago the *World* gave space to an official of the Interior Department who criticized Secretary Wilbur's oil-leasing policies. Though the paper lent his charges no editorial endorsement, President Hoover indulged in an angry outburst. He declared that this opposition newspaper was guilty of unworthy journalism. Such articles, he argued, irritated public men, gave the national service an unhappy look, and made it difficult to persuade able administrators to accept the ill-paid, ungrateful work of government. It was not a very sober or thoughtful statement. One of Mr. Hoover's predecessors had spoken a much truer word on the function of vigilant and fearless journalism in a democracy. Mr. Taft, in a passage which helps to define the *World's* service, had said:

> The press plays an unofficial but vital rôle in the affairs of government. The discipline of a fear of publicity, the restraining and correcting influence of the prospect of fearless criticism, are of much value in securing a proper administration of public affairs. The exercise of power without danger of criticism produces an irresponsibility in a public officer which, even if his motives are pure, tends to negligence in some cases and arbitrariness in others.

How was it that such a noble tradition was allowed to die? It is a futile question, and admits of no easy answer. As Bury said of the fall of the Roman Empire, there was no single cause, but a long chain of circumstances and accidents. The chief of its misfortunes was the inadequacy of its peculiar type of news-service to hold a growing public once the tabloids improved upon Pulitzer's instructions. It was caught in a cruel crossfire between the completer quality-news of the *Times* and *Herald Tribune*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the World

and the completer sensational-news of the small-size sheets. Another genius like Joseph Pulitzer might have saved it; a good deal more of courage and address, applied in time, might have done so; and it it still hard to understand why a merger of the morning and evening *World* could not have saved one. The more important question is whether anything like it can be established anew. When will the metropolis have another great fighting daily? When will the Democratic party, floundering against heavy odds, have a spokesman and corrector like the *World?* Would that a hopeful answer might be given these questions!

The soul of the *World* was at all times in its editorial page. The men of the *World* liked to feel that, whether readers cared for the particular crusade under way or not, the influence of that single sheet of eight-point ionic, flanked by the cartoon, never ceased. It was obviously felt all over the country. Newspapers in Spokane and Baton Rouge were more intelligent and courageous because of the *World's* editorial page. They did not need to copy it; the *World* made them think, and the spectacle of its independence stiffened their backbone. What has the *World's* attitude on prohibition, to take a single instance, not meant in the steady alteration of American opinion in the last decade? The salary cost of that page, cartoon and all, fell below $100,000 a year. Could not some other newspaper owner, willing to spend the money, buy such a page for the same price? The answer is no. To create such a page one needs men like Frank Cobb and Walter Lippmann, who scorn salaries without independence, and one needs such supporting prestige and authority as money cannot create. There will be other powerful editorial pages, but they will not be like the *World's*. They will be different.

In a sense the tragedy of the *World's* end seems accentuated by its suddenness. It is like hearing a beloved voice cut off in mid-sentence. It is hard to think of the golden dome, which Henry Watterson in a perverse moment said should have holes cut in it to let out the darkness, but which radiated light to so many readers and so many lesser newspapers, shining no more. It is hard to think of that multitude of readers who rose each morning curious to learn what the *World* would say and who now miss its guidance. To one who worked briefly but earnestly in its rooms the memories of the fine old massive-pillared building will always have a poignant sadness. The tinkling clatter of the long batteries of linotype machines on the eleventh floor; the clash of the basement presses as they would suddenly come up to the listening ear at ten o'clock at night; the headlong stride of Herbert Bayard Swope, with ruddy face and ruddier hair, flinging out of the city room; the intent scowl of F. P. A.'s dark face as he hurried down from the lunchroom; the stovepipe hat that was one of the few "properties" in Rollin Kirby's room, used alike for sketches of Abraham Lincoln and of the fanatic-figure typifying prohibition; the quick step of Walter Lippmann as he handed his secretary the script of the leader he had written at home, and nodded to his associates to file in—these can never be forgotten.

But there might have been a greater tragedy, which the latter days of some other once-great newspapers have exemplified. The paper might have passed intact into strange hands and gradually lost all the noble qualities we associated with it. It was happier that it should die with all its independence unimpaired. Vital and courageous to the last, its quick end befitted it. We can always think of it in association with the words of Stevenson's "Aes Triplex"—with the drums still beating and the bugles blowing, it passed at one stride from the field of battle to its place among the historic newspapers of the world's past.

* * *

Allan Nevins, author of the foregoing article, is at present professor of history at Columbia University, but was for a number of years an editor of the New York Evening Post, and until recently an editor of the WORLD. Philip Pearl, whose article follows, was a reporter on the World staff at the time of its sale to the Scripps-Howard interests. He was secretary of the WORLD Employes' Coöperative Association, which was organized in an eleventh hour attempt to raise money to preserve the WORLD newspapers by purchasing them on a coöperative basis.

The WORLD Passes

By Philip Pearl

FIVE years ago or twenty-five or forty, we started on our first newspaper jobs. We broke in on sheets in Atlanta or Denver or Brooklyn. It was fun and it was achingly dull. We stumbled through our first big story; waited, empty, for the edition to come up, and then saw our first by-line. We hurried out, hugging the paper under our arm, to be alone in a one-arm lunch room. And on the way we bought the *World*.

Perhaps it was only one story that warmed us, perhaps a single phrase that said what we had always wanted to say. We might be thousands of miles away. But it was our paper. In it we saw our size. It held out its arms to us. We hoped for the day when we might be worthy to grow within their embrace.

When the day came we were older. The gilt dome of the Pulitzer Building had taken on a greenish tinge. The pressure of dollars and cents had sapped the spring from our enthusiasms. But in a day, in a week, we found a new, rich, intangible soil to take root in. The rush of wind in the wake of Herbert Bayard Swope. The sudden smile on the cherubic face of Jim Barrett. The nonchalant sureness of Ben Franklin smoking a cigarette or doctoring our copy. Our own lunacies and the tolerant forgiveness. Such things held us to the *World* while we grumbled about inadequate pay, the failings of copy readers and editors, the annoying exigencies of the immediate job; these and the illusion that we could say the ineffable, achieve the impossible, and that this newspaper could.

Now the *World* is dead. To any newspaperman those five words round out a complete obituary. They tell the story. Newspapermen pretend to despise sob stories. Let us keep up the pretense. Let us say the *World* was only another newspaper. Now it is missing from the news stands. Let us say it was just a business that tried to earn dividends. Now it has given up the struggle. Let us recite the catechism of reality over and over again, rivet it with desperate reiteration into the brain.

Before the final editions of the *World* are buried in the dust of library files, the time comes for autopsy. It is going to be a very public affair. For years all of us, solicitous or envious, have been trying to diagnose the ills of the *World*. Now each knows why it died. I can find no relief in such post mortem recapitulations. Here I wish to offer only an appreciation.

The *World* was read in Harlem, in Hell's Kitchen, in the colleges, in the East Side, in Greenwich Village, and, especially, in all newspaper offices. It appealed alike to the intelligent and the simple because it was imbued with a fundamental sympathy. It had a heart. It had courage. It was interested in events chiefly as they affected human beings. At times it grew maudlin over life's little tragedies or great joys. But it could never treat them matter-of-factly.

The *World* did not attempt to print all the news. For this it was branded as something less than a newspaper. Of course, it always gloried in being a good deal more than a newspaper. But, save in breathless spurts, it couldn't approach the completeness, the mechanical precision, and the impersonal proficiency of the *Times*. It lacked method and organization and direction. It was impelled by motives. Sound or silly, they colored the news. It was starved for space. Editors and reporters alike were disciplined by the physical necessity for selection and condensation. Out of daily chaos there evolved a live, readable newspaper, usually well-written and well-balanced, but quite unsuited as a rule for reference files.

Every reporter, sooner or later, had the opportunity of writing a "Madame Bovary" in half a column or a one act "Hamlet."

"Good story," he was told by whoever happened to be his boss. "Go ahead and write it."

He scrambled life and literature in a frying pan and did his best to cook that "Good story." Frequently he succeeded. And we were all proud of him and proud of the paper. And the next day, probably just to keep him subdued, he would be sent to cover a convention of life insurance presidents. And instead he would go to the movies or join a bridge game in the cozy cellar of the City Hall. These were the heights and the depths.

We tried to write lucidly and simply. We tried to say what happened and make the story trenchant and forceful. We also tried, as unobtrusively as we knew how, to give the reader our eyes, to make him see people and events as we saw them. Such editorializing in the news was a sin. But we were shriven if we could sin honestly and expertly enough. If we couldn't, we went out and got drunk.

Nothing much was said in the office about traditions. They were to us something like the words of the Star Spangled Banner. But the fighting music always sounded clear, never more so than in the last year of the *World*. Here is a story very few people outside the newspaper fraternity know about.

In its final year the *World* reared up on its hind legs and fought. In this period it "broke" more exclusives than all other newspapers in the city combined. It printed the first story of the disappearance of Supreme Court Justice Joseph Force Crater. The other sheets woke up to this news the next morning and were forced to "pick it up" from our late editions. So it was with the whole recent tide of graft exposures. In each case the *World*, if not the only newspaper to investigate, was regularly the first to print the facts.

It was a grand fight. It failed to save the *World*, but it did put new life into its competitors. It startled them out of a long siesta. Greatest achievement of all, it drove reporters to work. It kept them awake night and day. We, too, went without sleep. But it was our show. The others were haggard. They joined forces to protect themselves against the *World* and still they dreaded the next "beat." It couldn't last. They had to catch up with us and they did. Our last stand was over and we had nothing but a libel suit or two to show for it.

Then came months of awful dulness and then rumor. The *World* was to be sold. The tip came to us from lawyers, from business men, from outside reporters. No attention was paid to it. The idea was incredible. It was one of the few tips the staff of the *World* never thought worth investigation.

Even when rumor became a matter of court record it bore no real significance. Perhaps we were dazed that first day. The second day we lost ourselves in blind resistance. It was not until the third day that we sensed the end.

We were reporters. We had seen other people's tragedy. On the last night of the *World* those of us gathered in the city room watched and waited for our own. We waited seven hours from 5 o'clock until midnight. Some of us hoped.

There came back flooding impressions. Of familiar faces suddenly grown beautiful. Of brave, frightened laughter. Of a great, communal warmth.

We heard the story of an *Evening World* veteran. Some months before he had written his own obituary for the files. By some mischance it got into the paper. He phoned the next morning to say the story was somewhat premature. He died the day the sale of the *World* was submitted to the Surrogate's Court.

And while we waited for the decision of the court that night we watched Jim Barrett. He had forgotten all about his job as City Editor. Others were carrying on for him. To him the end of the *World* was no story. It was a matter of life and death and upon him fell the dual responsibility of mother and physician.

There were false alarms. And then, at midnight, the flying figure of Bill Garrison, a photostatic copy of the decision in his hand. We piled, fifty of us, around the desk of Ben Franklin. He remained the night city editor, methodically "slugging" and numbering each sheet before passing it on to the copy reader. A few minutes later he was fighting, as he had fought so many times before for other stories, to assure the end of the *World* the "lead" position in place of the Bronx murder.

We knew then we were through. We saw it in the awed and sympathetic faces of the visiting, working press. Howard Cushman stole away to his typewriter to write:

"It is not the loss of a job; it is the loss of an ideal, a star, a goal to shoot at. It is as if a young devotee had taken his orders and begun his ministry and then discovered that his God had feet of clay and had sold out to the nearest tabernacle."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whither American Womanhood?

Mary Day Winn's

Adam's Rib

American woman has reached a new high. Do you know that she controls 41 per cent of the country's individual wealth and dictates 87 per cent of its purchases, that she is today the better educated sex, that she spends five millions a day in the beauty parlors, that she is learning the advantages of spinsterhood, has introduced sex appeal into business, and smashed the age-old double standard? Miss Winn writes a sparkling, provocative discussion of the American female's new-found autonomy. $2.00

By the author of "The Able McLaughlins"

Margaret Wilson's

The Crime of Punishment

"It is very moving," says Lewis Gannett of this striking book. Miss Wilson writes a vivid, shocking history of punishment systems, the better to estimate their worth. She asks questions that cannot be ignored: What is the relation between savageness of punishment in America and the steady increase in crime? Her indictment of existing conditions will have wide influence. $3.00

By the author of "The Cradle of God"

Llewelyn Powys'

A Pagan's Pilgrimage

"A stop at Delft, at Athens, the Island of Rhodes, Cyprus, Tyre. Then at last Nazareth, Mary's Well, Jerusalem. The book, no longer a mere travel record, becomes illuminated with the glowing passion of a mystic. Not to read Llewelyn Powys, whether he writes of Africa, of the Sanitarium in the Alps, of the Holy Land, is not to read one whose sight pierces beyond the world of sense. His words are spiritually incandescent."
—N. Y. Times.
With photographs, $2.50

By the author of "The Acquisitive Society"

R. H. Tawney's

Equality

From the New Statesman's enthusiastic review: "Mr. Tawney pleads, not for an impossible world, but for one which gives an equal opportunity for talent, which makes authority the due of those fit to use it. He is a splendid, inspiring writer. His book must rank as one of the few creative works which the Socialist faith has produced." $2.25

HARCOURT, BRACE
883 Madison Ave., N. Y.

Some Recent Fiction

A Romantic Tale

THE NAME OF ACTION. By GRAHAM GREENE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931.

Reviewed by HULBERT FOOTNER

THIS is a second novel by the author of "The Man Within," a work which won high praise upon its appearance a year or two ago. A second novel rarely provides a fair guage of an author's capacity. The first is apt to be written with the fear of God in his soul, and the second more in the expectation of royalties. With the third if he's any good, he generally finds his gait.

The present work is an unsatisfactory story that reveals on half its pages an excellent talent for writing, and what is more, something fresh and charming of the spirit. One suspects from internal evidence that the author is by nature a romantic, ardent and extravagant, with a grand carelessness for detail. But romance being so hopelessly out of fashion, he has endeavored to order himself according to the more cynical spirit of the times. The result is merely confusion.

In the theme the story is purely romantic; a tiny German palatinate ruled in this case by a dictator instead of a count; a generous and wealthy young Englishman who is induced to finance a revolution and who falls in love with the beautiful and disdainful wife of the dictator. But, alas, when the stage is all set for Romance in stalks Psycho-Analysis! The dictator is impotent; the lovely heroine is sex-starved, and the hero one of those vacillating and self-questioning youths who Hate It All. There is a worse count against the hero; he becomes positively base when in his cups he babbles the secret of his love to the one man who is prepared to turn it to advantage.

In secondary scenes such as the shooting of the policeman and the visit of the customs inspectors to the barge laden with contraband arms, the story becomes simple, first-rate, and positively thrilling; and in the dénouement where the dictatorship falls without a struggle owing to the power of scurrilous lampoon, there is a fine and a new idea. But the leading characters behave in an inexplicable manner. The author might retort that people behave preposterously in real life. And so they do, but that is because we don't know what is stinging them. The novelist is supposed to know his own characters, and to tell us at least enough about them to bring them alive in our imaginations.

The story is written in the carefully offhand and allusive manner that is now so popular, and a very good manner too—miles better than slipshod; but in this case one is continually feeling the pressure of something warm and spontaneous that asks for freer expression. Consequently one reader anyhow hopes that when Mr. Greene writes his third novel he will forget contemporary literary fashions and Let Himself Go!

Three Russian Novels

DOG LANE. By LEO GOOMILEVSKY. New York: Vanguard Press. 1930. $2.

OUT OF CHILDHOOD. By IRINA ODOEVTZEVA. New York: Richard R. Smith. 1930.

CYNICS. By ANATOL MARIENHOFF. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1930. $2.50.

NONE of this trio of Russian novels will set any rivers on fire, although Leo Goomilevsky's "Dog Lane," the most able-bodied of the three, has the "news interest" contributed by any sincere attempt freshly to picture Bolshevik life and ideology.

Marienhoff's "Cynics," done in a series of disconnected paragraphs, in which concrete revolutionary facts intersperse brief flashlights on the thoughts and dialogue of a pair of rotting members of the former intelligentsia, is an irritating mixture of smart-alecking and dirt, unsubstantial and useless.

Odoevtzeva's "Out of Childhood," rather fine and delicate in its unhealthy way, is a study of morbid adolescence. Papa had been killed by the Bolsheviks. Mamma with her two daughters, marriageable Vera, and little Louka, just growing up, lived in the more or less poisonous emigré atmosphere of Paris. For money, Vera married a man old enough to be her father, whose mistress, an older Russian woman who needed him desperately, promptly killed herself. Vera really loved the handsome young Arsenin, who was to little Louka a sort of god.

Louka saw him in her dreams, and sometimes when awake as well, towering over her with great black wings. Death and Arsenin, now one, now the other, now both merged in one, hovered over her reveries, and she opened her arms wide to them. Everything got very mixed and unpleasant at the last, and Vera died in childbirth and there at the funeral was Arsenin, looking straight at Vera, with roses in his hands, "and behind his shoulders enormous black wings."

The story is touched with sharp little authentic feminine flashes and a kind of pale and perfumed decadence. The figures are supposed to be Russian, but they might just as well be something else. Donia Nachshen's delicately impish drawings excellently fit the text.

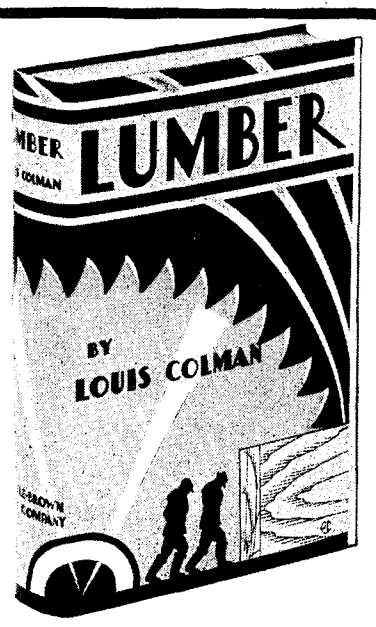
Leo Goomilevsky has written pamphlets for the Red youth, and his "Dog Lane" turns out to be a sort of sexual tract, although it starts as a murder-mystery-story set against the background of the more or less promiscuous sex customs of the young Communists of a Volga factory town.

The author seems at first to fall in with the local fashions. Love is a "bourgeois" invention, an amusement for idle people; its idylls and ecstacies, the lies with which the latter mask the fact that "love" is a mere matter of chemistry, and that men and women "need" each other only as they need air or bread. But when murder, suicide, and various sorts of tragedy result from the practice of this theory, it is the young workman, Senia, who had fallen in love in quite an "eternal" and bourgeois fashion with one of the factory girls, who carries the crowd with him at the funeral of the once "strong" man, Horohorin.

In short, the upshot of Goomilevsky's story, the mere murder-mystery part of which is soundly and interestingly done, is to put into words what any sensible long-distance observer might well assume, that, however far the revolutionary pendulum may have swung, in its reaction against the supposed falsities of the old régime, certain fundamental facts of human nature persist, and, in the long run, the healthy majority of even the new generation in Russia will turn out to be not so different as they may have seemed from the rest of us.

A musical drama, based on Charles Reade's famous novel "The Cloister and the Hearth," is being prepared by Sterling Mackinlay. It will be called "Gerard of Tergou."

"Colman does for lumber what Frank Norris did for wheat."
—Carl Sandburg



"A fine first novel. It has sincerity, courage and tenderness."
—Upton Sinclair

LUMBER
BY
LOUIS COLMAN

From the raw life of the Northwestern lumber towns Louis Colman has wrought a story that rings true—this tale of Jimmy Logan, who drifts from job to job, and of Pearl, his wife.

James Stevens says: "My Western eyes see 'Lumber' as the most powerful and true novel produced by the Pacific Coast country since 'McTeague.' I rate it higher than the great Norris novel. 'Lumber' is a fine book. Colman knows his men, his mills and his tall timber, and he knows how to write with beauty and force."

Jim Tully says: "I read 'Lumber' with the feeling that in its author a new writer had emerged. It is, so far as I know, the first honest attempt to get the tragedy on paper of the men who work in lumber. The author has combined restraint with truth. It is a damned fine effort."

Martha Ostenso says: "I think 'Lumber' is a great, a terrible book. Not for an instant did it relax its hold on me. Its austere simplicity and cruel reality are unforgettable."

Struthers Burt says: "I want to say something about 'Lumber', for I think it an exceptionally fine book—simple and touching, and with an epic quality about it. Colman does that thing so rare in a book, where, without direct comment on his part, you feel moving and breathing his own sense of tragedy of so much of life."

$2.00 at all Booksellers

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY
Publishers, Boston

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE most delightful poetry we have read this week is Sylvia Townsend Warner's "Opus 7"* (Viking Press). It is the story of Rebecca Random of the village of Love Green who contrived the plan of selling flowers from her garden in order to buy herself gin, after the war. Miss Warner's earlier descriptions kept reminding us of a latterday Goldsmith, except that naturally all her details are quite modern, though her story might indeed be of the eighteenth century as well as of the twentieth. Her phraseology is often most distinguished. She has entire control of her versification and achieves some beautiful effects in the exactitude of her language. The community life of the village, where all is gossip, is acutely described. The strange end of Rebecca is fantastically moving. If she was not modelled on a real character she is nonetheless entirely convincing. Miss Warner knows intimately village life in England and the English countryside, and her description of the positive worship Rebecca finally began to pay to Bacchus in her lonely gin-drinking contains remarkable passages, while the deep irony involved in the poet's incidental account of the Great War leaves its mark upon the memory.

Certain couplets, here and there suggest the very incisiveness of Pope. For instance:

Blest fertile Dulness! mothering surmise,
rumor, report, as stagnant water, flies,
whose happy votaries, stung by every hatch,
divinely itch, and more divinely scratch!
Nothing's too wild for credence, or too slight
for fancy to apparel it in light
fetched from the half-wit moon.

The interlude invocation to Spring is of beautiful originality:

Each year I find thee as last year thou wert;
hushed, rapt, annunciate—a speechless hurt
trembling on the green sky and from the branch . .
that thou must bring to green. Oh, how to stanch
the sorrow welling from an April dusk,
that lifts the moon and buoys it like a husk
up the long dark—how treat with this most dear,
most dolorous virgin-mother of the year?

In such asides, however, Miss Warner is perhaps, not quite so successful as in her highly individual view of the commonplace, as for instance in her description of Rebecca returning in the carrier's motor-van for the purchase of her packets of seeds, and of the dreams that throng her brain. Her sowing of the seeds by lantern-light, to the aroused curiosity of her neighbors, is one of the best things in the poem.

And as dreams convey
their own penumbra of oblivion, so
she moving with her lantern to and fro
pulled darkness after her, and with such sleight . .
reshaped her wavering world elsewhere, one might
think 'twas her dream, not she, that walked the night.

The contest between Mrs. Herley and old Isaac Hay as to who should die first, both being near death's door, in order to get Rebecca's flowers is etched with a grim humor. Bet finally first gives up the ghost. At the funeral

A southwest wind strewed dusk upon the ground,
and delved the shadow of the open grave.
Borne on its wings the tramp of the sea wave
tolled through the sentences, and in the gale
the vicar's surplice rattled like a sail.

The final fate of Rebecca's cottage after her death from exposure is a fit ironical climax to the poem.

Miss Warner has now demonstrated that she can tell a peculiar tale in verse with the same dexterity and technical command that were hers when she gave us such accomplished little novels as "Lolly Willowes" and "Mr. Fortune's Maggot." She has a touch of genius. The precision and distinction of her poetic phrase is eloquent:

But with the epiphany of her midnight seed
her light was from these grovelling bushels freed,
and waxing with their greenery upthrust
into a higher sphere, a more august
and profitable air.

Such finished work as this is a lasting pleasure. We recognized Miss Warner's inborn poetic gift earlier in "The Espalier" and "Time Importuned," and her lyrical ability is now seen to be strengthened by decided power in verse narrative. We hope she will give us more stories in verse. There are practically no women poets living who are doing just this, or who have the delicately balanced gift that is hers both for poetry and for prose.

Christy Mackaye, one of the daughters of Percy Mackaye, the well-known poet and dramatist, has, in "Wind in the Grass" (Harper), proved her poetic heritage. A letter to her from Edwin Arlington Robinson has been used as an introduction to this book. He finds "a quality unusual and intangible (in the work) . . . a real imagination." Imagination is here, though as yet it seems to us a trifle thin and gossamery. Still, the quality of descriptive epithet is often high. Let us illustrate. Miss Mackaye speaks of

The untired birds' small penetrating tune
That winds write on a spider web with dew.

She says

But you have such a flower-like
Stare of surprise
That I think the wind
Just blew open your eyes.

Such statements bespeak the poet. She describes "the snickering saw," "The crow's cry like the taste of bark," "The desolate scream of a train at night," "The crumbling thunder."

In fact, throughout these poems, though a number seem to have too thistle-down a touch, there is evident the art of language, the search for exact expression. Miss Mackaye is at her best in undulant lyrics, not in her several sonnets. Her "Cloud Guides" is a vivid poem, her "Gaelic Fragment" like a fresh breeze. Miss Mackaye certainly possesses what Lola Ridge has called "that underlying conviction of the beauty and tragic significance of life." It is too early to prophesy how far she may go beyond this present book, but the testimony of the poet is already in her.

Babette Deutsch, in "Epistle to Prometheus" (Cape & Smith), seeks the Promethean spirit here and there through the ages. She seeks the burning eyes of the Promethean spirit behind the masks of Socrates, Christ, Voltaire, Lenin, and Ghandi. "You know, Prometheus," she finally cries, "the thing we are. You set the burning nostalgic seed within this animal breast." It is the old quest for an explanation, for an answer to the eternal "Why?" and a reason for the fiery spirit in mankind. The sincerity of this poem is unquestionable, and it acquires momentum. A contemporary is writing a letter to a myth and a great symbol. The mind of the poet, casting back through the ages, finds stations in the world's history where almost a meaning seems to emerge, a glimpse of the purpose of a titanic world-energy. But the dubiety persists. Prometheus to the last eludes all traps of words, all nets of thought. The poem is distinguished in conception. There are here and there deep faults in the execution. Miss Deutsch is at her positive best when her whiplash free verse, terse in line with occasional rhyme, is used exclusively, and its staccato snap strikes forth sparklings of phrase. Her essays into rhyme, with the exception of the sonnet of section V, are not of the same quality. One realizes that she has attempted in certain instances to adapt her forms to the period that flashes before her imagination, but the intention seems to us to go awry in the execution. T. S. Eliot speaks partly in section VII. Yet for all that, the vision of Lenin is powerful, the vision of Ghandi even more moving. The glimpse of modern life crowded into its oubliette in a great city is convincing.

Is it your face,
Prometheus,
they dream of, when the hot manes
of the furnaces blow back from the iron brows,— . .
your eyes
that glitter for them above
the steely terraces
of cities?

The poem, almost necessarily, strikes us as a sketch for work on the epic scale. But such seems to be the haste of our time that that is all most of our poets can do with a large theme. As for Miss Deutsch's style, imagination and expression do not always seem to us completely fused. There are intrusions of the commonplace. In the latter part of the poem, however, heat is engendered and the rapid utterance becomes more commanding. We can really only call this book, in the final analysis, a fine attempt, of high intention, in which a few passages strike fire.

*This volume will be further reviewed by Louis Untermeyer in a later issue of *The Saturday Review*.

The Viking Galley

"As lively a book as one could wish"
—REBECCA WEST

If or History Rewritten
by **Hilaire Belloc, G. K. Chesterton, Winston Churchill, H. A. L. Fisher, Philip Guedalla, Emil Ludwig, André Maurois, Harold Nicolson, J. C. Squire, Hendrik Van Loon and Milton Waldman.**

What would have happened if Booth had missed Lincoln, if Napoleon had escaped to Boston, if Byron had become King of Greece, if Louis XVI had been a man of firmness or if it were proved today that Bacon had really written Shakespeare? Eleven of the most famous historians of the day have provided the answers in this Symposium of Surmises. They have taken history on a holiday in a series of chapters that combine humor and sound sense, satire and information. $3.00

The author of Lolly Willowes *and* Mr Fortune's Maggot *has written her masterpiece*

Opus 7
by SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

"Devilish, delicious and dexterous," says Louis Untermeyer of Miss Warner's new book. In Rebecca Random, philosopher of the bottle, she has created her finest character and has told her tale in verse that rises to the heights of poetic genius. It is seldom that narrative skill and poetic talent have had a happier blending than in this narrative poem, which will undoubtedly take its place beside the foremost creations of our time. $2.00

"A tale of primitive lusts and jealousies and dreadful revenge."
—RALPH STRAUS

GAY AGONY
by H. A. MANHOOD

A young English writer, for whom Galsworthy, Bennett, and Williamson predicted great things, has fulfilled that prediction in this daring and beautifully woven story. He tells the tale of an inhibited young man thrown into an atmosphere pagan and bestial. "Unmistakably fine."—Hugh Walpole. $2.50

Sympathetic to Bare Feet
by Jonathan Leonard

tells the reckless tale of a girl's experiments in love and of the futile elders who sit in judgment upon her — by the most original of modern American novelists, author of *Back to Stay*. $2.50

THE VIKING PRESS • NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Foreign Literature

LIEBSTE MUTTER: Briefe Berühmter Deutscher an Ihre Mutter. Edited by PAUL ELBOGEN. Berlin: Ernst Rowohlt. 1930.

GELIEBTER SOHN. Elternbriefe an Berühmte Deutsche. Edited by PAUL ELBOGEN. The same.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

IN these two anthologies Dr. Elbogen has had a new idea, and he is at least to be congratulated on his originality in a field where that quality must be hard to come by. Despite the popularity of the relations between parents and children as a theme for novels, for plays, and for psychological speculation, no one before him seems to have had the idea of gathering together the important evidence of those relations which exists in the correspondence of the famous. The task was comparatively simple in the first book; it meant little more than a search through the published correspondence of celebrated Germans and a selection of their most interesting communications to their mothers—the fathers, no doubt, are reserved for a separate volume. But the second volume, the letters from the fathers and mothers to their celebrated children, must have entailed a great deal of laborious research, for the obvious reason that the letters from the famous are more often preserved and more easily accessible than the letters sent to them. In both instances Herr Elbogen has done his work very well, and now a great part of German history and literature may be conveniently surveyed from the point of view of parental relations.

In the letters addressed to the "Liebste Mutter" Herr Elbogen has begun with Martin Luther—it is a typical sermon. The letters of Jean Paul, too, are very characteristic in their whimsicality and humor, but those of the poet, philosopher, and patriot, Ernst Moritz Arndt, reveal a soft and sentimental side to his nature which his ordinary writings would not have led us to suspect. Particularly affectionate were Heine and Friedrich Lasalle, the Socialist and hero of Meredith's "Tragic Comedian." The relations between Goethe and his mother, the "Frau Rat," are well known to all students of German literature, and both of Herr Elbogen's volumes enable us to follow them in detail. Bismarck seems to have had little sympathy with his mother, and neither of the Iron Chancellor's parents is represented in the second volume.

In the volume of letters to their children Herr Elbogen begins much earlier—with Pepin's letter to his son Charlemagne. The second letter in the collection is of great historical interest—it is the epistle of exhortation and advice sent to Philip II of Spain by the Emperor Charles V, when he decided to hand over his vast dominions to his son. Some of the other letters provide interesting studies in psychology, morbid or otherwise. August von Platen's antipathy to his mother, for example, is, so Herr Elbogen suggests, a subject for psycho-analysis; still more is the correspondence addressed to Schopenhauer by both his parents. It is a pity that the compiler was not permitted to give a selection of the letters to Nietzsche from his mother, but these, and the letters to Novalis, seem to be the only notable omissions. The second collection, like the first, ends with the late Dr. Rathenau, and in printing the affectionate letters from his mother, the editor also gives the noble letter which Frau Rathenau sent to the mother of her son's murderer.

In both volumes each selection is prefaced by a short and interesting biographical note, and there are a number of well-produced illustrations.

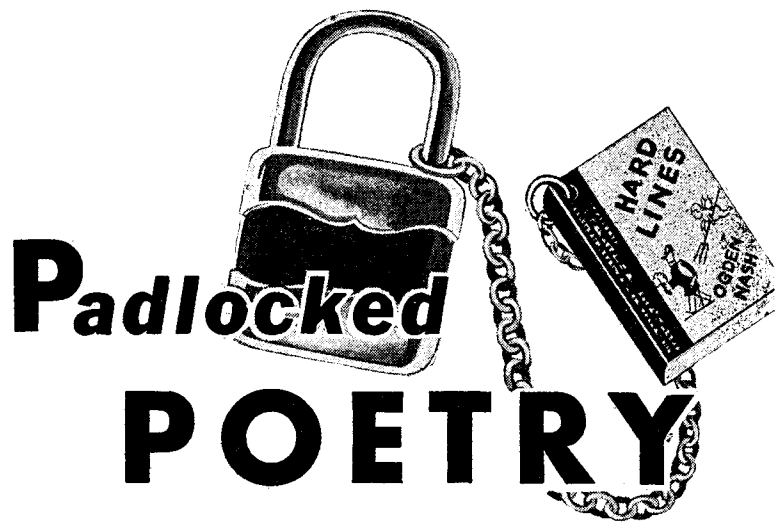
Ludwig's Self Revelation

GESCHENKE DES LEBENS. By EMIL LUDWIG. Berlin: Ernst Rowohlt. 1931.

HERR Emil Ludwig has celebrated his fiftieth birthday by giving his readers a substantial autobiography—nearly nine hundred pages. He calls it a "Rückblick," not a "Selbstbildnis"—a glance backward, and not a self-portrait, but whatever his intentions when setting out to write this book, it contains a great deal of information about his life, his parentage, his married life, his numerous writings—past and future—his journalistic career, his friendships. It is true that the tone of the book is never very deep; we will even call it superficial, and the light ironical style in which a good part of it is written undoubtedly makes for greater readability, for whatever may be the deficiencies of this book as of Ludwig's previous works, his harshest critic can hardly deny that he is nearly always eminently readable. We will, therefore, not look in this book for what it makes no pretence of giving; it is not a regular history of Ludwig's life and work, but a gossipy volume of anecdotes and reflections on his life and writings. Perhaps at the end we shall conclude that this method has revealed a considerable part of Ludwig's character and opinions, but that is incidental to the main scheme of the book.

Emil Ludwig's family name was Cohn; his father, Hermann Ludwig Cohn, who dropped the last name, was a celebrated eye-specialist of Breslau, and his son gives an altogether sympathetic and attractive portrait of him. Emil himself was intended for a legal career, but he was not a very promising student, so the office of a successful relation, engaged in a coal-business, was assigned to him. But this was hardly more congenial. Love and literary ambition stood in the way of a prosperous mercantile career. Ludwig gives an engaging account of both. Something of his love story has already been told in his novel "Diana," and an amusing picture of the lovers' retreat in the Ticino has been draw in the poem, "Tom and Sylvester." But here there is much more; again and again Ludwig returns to his married life, to his home in Switzerland, with an engaging candor which reminds us at times of Axel Munthe's "Story of San Michele."

It was Richard Dehmel who encouraged the young Ludwig to persevere in his writing, and before the war he had already published seventeen books. These brought him no great reputation in Germany, and none at all abroad. Still, it is interesting to see him occupying himself with subjects and studies that were to prove more fruitful later. Thus, as early as 1906 he wrote a play about Napoleon, and in 1912 he wrote a "psychologischer Versuch" on Bismarck. He had begun that attention to physicial and psychological details in the great which was to prove his secret of success. But between these earlier and neglected works and the later and celebrated books there was a considerable journalistic interval. Ludwig became the London correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt* before the war, and during the war he did a great deal of correspondence for the German press in various parts of Europe; he even published two books on his experiences in Turkey, and one of his most amusing pages is his account of the way he narrated his coming under British shell-fire at Gallipoli to General Sir Ian Hamilton. In 1917 he wrote "Diana," in 1920 his "Goethe," and in 1922 came his contest with the ex-Kaiser over the suppressed chapters of Bismarck's reminiscences. He was successful, and out of the affair came his play, "Die Entlassung," giving in dramatic form the first authentic account of Bismarck's dismissal by the young German Emperor. It is from this that we can reckon the beginning of Ludwig's rapid rise to world fame. His book on the Kaiser, published in 1925, fell in completely with the public taste in Europe and the United States. Personal sidelights on the great or notorious, the psychological or psycho-analytical interpretation of history—the fashion for these was in full swing, and Emil Ludwig's explanation of the Emperor in terms of his well-known deformity was an uncommonly interesting piece of work. It was a new presentation of a character regarding whom the world was getting ready to judge without passion. "Bismarck" came the following year, "Der Menschensohn," a life of Christ, two years later. But before this, which was with justice criticized less favorably, Emil Ludwig's international fame was assured. He outdistanced his fellow-exponents of psychological history, Lytton Strachey and André Maurois, not only in circulation—and an impressive table is given at the end of this volume of the editions reached by Ludwig's works in twenty-five languages (there has, *inter alia*, been a Catalan edition of "Napoleon" and an Arabic translation of "Goethe")—but in authority. He was consulted by leading newspapers on weighty questions of international policy; he delivered lectures on history. The academic world was inclined to sniff, but Ludwig who, by the way, does not number his interesting little essay, "Historie und Dichtung," among his works, although it is a brilliant defence of journalistic history writing, was on the side of the big battalions, the record editions. More works followed—Lincoln, Beethoven, Michelangelo were re-revealed to a wondering world, and there were mockers who said that Ludwig would finish by writing a biography either of God or of himself. He has, for the time being at any rate, chosen the latter (for "Der Menschensohn" can be ruled out in this connection). His naïve pleasure in the glamour of his success of which this book contains several examples will be scorned by his enemies, but found delightful by his hosts of friends.



Padlocked POETRY

HAVE NO FEAR, GENTLE READER. This is not a sequel to the Wickersham report. It is simply a brief pronunciamento about a new book so irresistibly funny, so intriguing to persons in whom the sense of humor exceeds the sense of property that the first review copies were actually equipped with an iron chain and padlock.

It proved to be a wise precaution. For this book—none other than *Hard Lines* by Ogden Nash—became an immediate best-seller. The advance demand was impatient, the reviews hysterical, the first edition was inadequate and copies were at a premium.

Within eight days a *fourth* edition, larger than the first three printings combined, was necessary to appease a clamorous nation gone Nascist. Now, seven weeks later, *Hard Lines* is in its 25th thousand.

The lucky critics who received padlocked first edition copies were thus enabled to repulse the hordes of would-be book-pilferers, and to pen tributes like this to "O. Nash, America's Pash"

"Uproarious when read aloud. Nash is the most foolish, the most nimble, and the most entertaining versifier we have" —ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

"I have been following light verse very closely all my life and Nash has struck the first new note in years."
—NEWMAN LEVY.

"I think *Hard Lines* precisely clicks with the wave-length of 1931" —CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

HARD LINES
by OGDEN NASH *Illustrated by* SOGLOW
at all bookstores $2.00
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER · *Publishers* · New York

ANOTHER "2,000 YEARS" NOVEL
495 provocative pages of colorful story, brimful of exciting incident and beauty.
A NOVEL THAT IS A HISTORY OF LOVE, OF WOMEN AND OF MORALS.
SALOME
THE WANDERING JEWESS
My First 2000 Years of Love
BY
GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK
AND PAUL ELDRIDGE
Authors of MY FIRST 2000 YEARS
THOMAS MANN says:
"A great book which gave me stimulating and colorful hours. Again, a monumental conception . . . amazingly rich in world vision and in sensuous pictures. A worthy foil to MY FIRST TWO THOUSAND YEARS." $2.50
HORACE LIVERIGHT INC. NY
GOOD BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Books Briefly Described

DIRY OF SYLVIA McNEELY. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1931. $1.

The journal of a nine year old girl, entertaining in its naïveté and in its unhampered reflections upon life and persons. Women, especially, will smile over it with reminiscent amusement.

MADEMOISELLE AGAINST THE WORLD. By TITAYNA. New York: Horace Liveright. 1931. $3.

A chronicle of daring adventure by airplane in the countries of Europe and other parts of the world. The author in the course of a varied career as aviatrix has met danger at close quarters and managed to extricate herself from circumstances sometimes menacing and frequently embarrassing with a readiness that left her zest unimpaired. The book contains considerable comment upon manners and customs as well as its record of experience.

IN SEARCH OF IRELAND. By H. V. MORTON. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1931. $3.

A lively and informal portrayal of a tour through Ireland, with much specific information, and constant incident and interpretation to lend color to its narrative. Mr. Motron is the traveller whose mind, well-stored with history and anecdote, renders him receptive to the national implications as well as the physical aspects of the country he visits.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA. By CLIVE HOLLAND. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1931. $2.50.

A guide book that in addition to its specific information as to routes, points of interest, and features of architectural and artistic importance, contains a historical outline and considerable general comment and interpretation.

THE ROAD TO THE GREY PAMIR. By ANNA LOUISE STRONG. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1931. $3 net.

A newspaper correspondent's account of a trip from Russian Turkestan to the High Pamir, the elevated plateau of Central Asia known as "the Roof of the World." It is written with the practiced ease of the journalist, and with an ever present sense of dramatic values.

THE GENTEEL FEMALE. Edited by CLIFTON T. FURNESS. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931.

A highly diverting anthology compiled from minor American literature of the first half of the nineteenth century showing the American woman in her fashions, her manners, and her attitudes of mind. Mr. Furness has supplied the book with an interesting interpretative introduction and so arranged his material that there emerges from it a composite portrait of an extinct species of female.

THE WRONG SIDE OF THE TRACKS. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1931. $2.50.

The anonymous autobiography of a social climber. The book carries its heroine from her childhood in the plebeian section of a mid-Western town through her marriage to a wealthy Californian, her widowhood in Europe, and her second marriage to a member of the British peerage. It is principally significant as an example of the heights to which a determination rigidly adhered to can carry an ambitious woman.

VANCOUVER, A LIFE, 1757 to 1798. By GEORGE GODWIN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1931.

A very readable life of Vancouver supplemented with an elaborate and scholarly appendix containing many important letters and documents. The book is chiefly concerned with his voyage with Captain Cook and his great expedition to establish English sovereignty at Nootka on the Pacific northwest coast. His explorations in Alaska, his final destruction of the northwest passage myth, and other important contributions to geography are described in the narrative. It is interesting to note in the Hawaiian section of this book that the Sandwich Islands were formerly ceded to Great Britain, but that the cession was never confirmed by the British Cabinet, at the time deeply engaged elsewhere.

ALTERNATIVES OF WAR. By FLORENCE GUERTIN TUTTLE. New York: Harper & Bros. 1931. $3.

A book of facts rather than opinion in which the author gives a historical survey of the various alternatives to war proposed or carried into effect in the last decade. It is the opinion of the author that these alternatives constitute a practical means of avoiding war, but the book is for reference rather than for propaganda.

BREAKING THE SILENCE: England, Ireland, Wilson, and the War. By T. ST. JOHN GAFFNEY. New York: Horace Liveright. 1931.

This is an account of Mr. Gaffney's experiences as an advocate and worker for Irish independence throughout the war period. It is a partisan book and violently anti-English and anti-Wilson, but contains a great deal of valuable first-hand material which will be useful in writing the history of the war period as well as in discussions of Ireland's struggle for freedom.

RACE PSYCHOLOGY: A Study of Racial Mental Differences. By THOMAS RUSSELL GARTH. New York: The McGraw-Hill Co. 1931. $2.50.

A carefully conducted discussion of the possibility of race psychology, which comes to the general conclusion that factors of nurture and environment are much more important in determining the general capacities of a race than anything inherent in the race itself. Well documented and a good reference book.

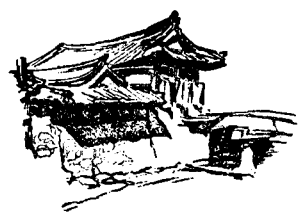
". . . AND SUCH SMALL DEER." By E. V. LUCAS. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1931. $1.25.

Brief and very charming essays, most of them about bears and animals, by this well known literary journalist. This is a selection from earlier books.

THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE AND THE NEW HUMANISM. By GEORGE SARTON. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1931. $2.

The New Humanism of this book is an attempted correlation of the arts and sciences in a complete scheme of education, and not the New Humanism of Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More. The book is an interesting survey in brief form of the development of thought from the Greeks on, with special reference to a proper scheme of education for modern man.

NEW AND IMPORTANT SCRIBNER BOOKS



The Grass Roof
by Younghill Kang

There has been no more original and charming biography in recent years than this life story of a young Korean. It is the tale of a young man's tussle with life, a struggle that drove him from a lovely Korean village, carried him through strange and tragic adventures, and brought him at last to America. $3.50

Three Pairs of Silk Stockings
by Panteleimon Romanof
With a foreword by STEPHEN GRAHAM

In England the first printing of this merciless novel of the life of the educated class in Soviet Russia was used up in two days, and Rebecca West called it "a superbly told story with pages of glorious shattering comedy . . . full of an embittered power to anatomize the soul." $2.50

The Genteel Tradition at Bay
by George Santayana
author of "The Realm of Matter," etc.

Mr. Santayana here defines the so-called new humanism and puts it in its historical place. He also evaluates its intrinsic merit and defines the extent of its claim to consideration by intelligent people. $1.25

The Anatomy of Bibliomania (Vol. I)
by Holbrook Jackson

A vast literary panorama, presented in the manner of Burton's immortal "Anatomy of Melancholy" and revealing the world of books in all its aspects. It has a richness and flavor that will appeal to every bookish-minded person, and is a gold-mine of references, quotations, etc.
419 *pages*. $7.50

Scenes and Portraits
by Frederic Manning
author of "Her Privates We"

A profoundly beautiful and penetrating collection of historical studies including "imaginary conversations" between Socrates and Protagoras, St. Francis and Pope Benedict, Thomas Cromwell and Machiavelli, and others. "Lawrence of Arabia" says he has read it fifty times. $2.50

Puritan's Progress
by Arthur Train

"Arthur Train has given the Puritans a 'break. He has dived in under our debunkers to score a touchdown against them. He is amusing and stimulating, refreshing and a joy to one jaded by the constant stream of thundering contempt for our forebears issuing from the presses.
—GEORGE CURRIE in the *Brooklyn Eagle*. 467 *pages*. $3.50

at your bookstore

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Coming!
AMERICA'S WAY OUT
A Program for Democracy
By *NORMAN THOMAS*

What is the way out of our breadlines and bankruptcies? Norman Thomas presents in this book a thoughtful program which deserves a careful reading by all who are concerned with the future of their country $2.50

Ready March 24th

The Religion of Man
By RABINDRANATH TAGORE

In these Hibbert Lectures for 1930, Tagore gives Western readers a summation of his thought and philosophy. $2.50

Vale and other Poems
By A. E. (GEORGE RUSSELL)

Lyrics rich in human feeling, mystic poems of delicate imagery, and poems revealing the profound wisdom of a seer make up this collection of verse by that noted Irishman, A. E. $1.50

"An excellent story"
Murder at Bridge
By ANNE AUSTIN

Nita Selim, ex-actress and the smart hostess at a bridge game, is murdered just after the last hand is played. Who killed her? This is the situation which will baffle and entertain you. $2.00

A Second Large Printing has been necessary to supply the demand for this book, because it "is by all odds the best yet in its field."

The Economic Life of Soviet Russia
By CALVIN B. HOOVER

"Affords the best and most comprehensive view of Soviet policies and their application now obtainable."—*New York Times* $3.00

Hard Times
The Way in and the Way Out
By RICHARD T. ELY

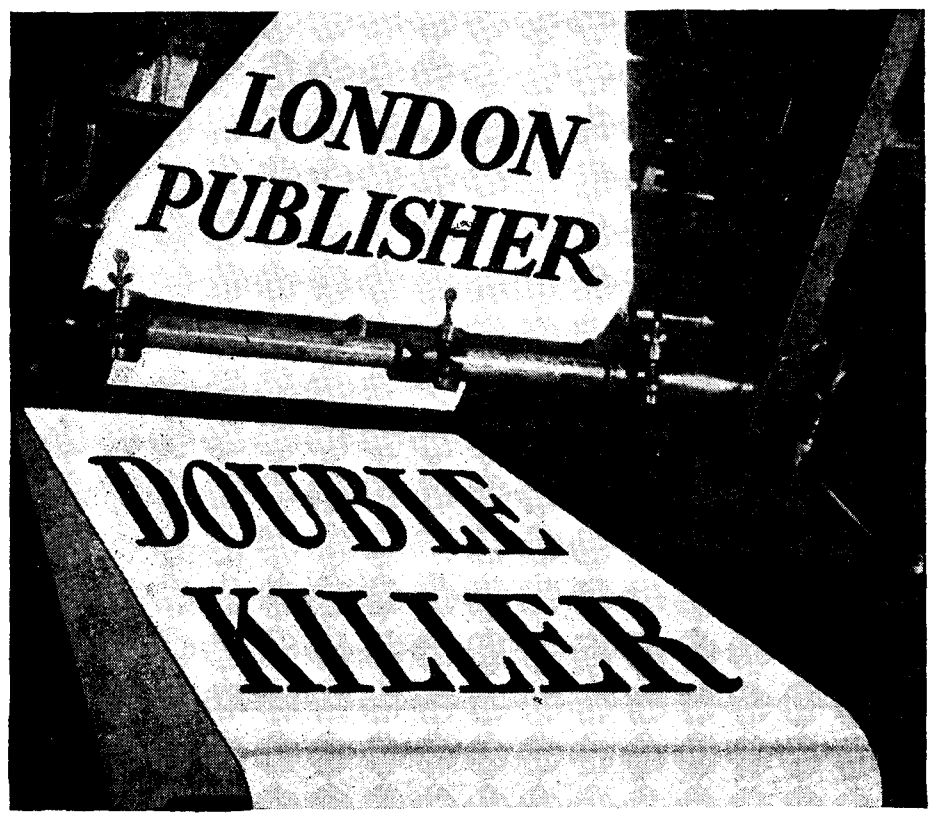
A description for the layman of the way hard times are generated by economic forces, with recommendations for the course which business may lay to find a way out. $1.75

Sir James Jeans
noted astronomer and author of THE MYSTERIOUS UNIVERSE and THE UNIVERSE AROUND US, will take you on an interesting and unusual journey through space in his new book

THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES
Ready Mar. 26th ~ Probable Price $3.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY ~ 60 Fifth Avenue ~ New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



...How would YOU commit a Murder?

FRANCES NOYES HART

"I think *No Walls of Jasper* is one of the finest novels I have read in years."

REBECCA WEST

"With such vitality, with such power to create a piteous and lovable character, she ought to be good for a long line of excellent novels."

The theme of this novel is murder. It is not a mystery. It is a portrait of a murderer.

Julian Prebble was no sinister character. He was a publisher, an amateur gardener, a good husband, and a worthy citizen of London.

Yet such is the force of circumstances that he contemplates, first with horror, but later with complacency, the crime of patricide. He killed his father.

That success swelled his conceit. It led him to deal similarly with another problem—the problem of Martin, his wife's platonic friend. This time he did not succeed. He was caught in the hideous net of his own subconscious making.

How would *you* go about killing a man? This book builds up the complete crime; gives you the facts, methods and motives. Long before you have finished it, you are awaiting with dread the arrival of the police.

NO WALLS OF JASPER

BY JOANNA CANNAN

$2.00 Everywhere *DOUBLEDAY, DORAN*

Points of View

The Case of Ella Young

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

I vouch for the truth of every statement herein made.

Ella Young is recognized by London and Irish critics as the greatest woman poet of Ireland. She is not only the greatest, but the only authority on Celtic mythology. A fluent Gaelic scholar herself, she has devoted her life to research among the peasant folk of Ireland and the Isles of Arran into the Celtic myths, and has in preparation what will be the only exhaustive and authentic treatise on this mythology. It was intended that this work should be sponsored by the University of Dublin; but, heartbroken by the deaths of nearly all her friends in the Irish Revolution, Ella Young came to this country to deliver lectures on Irish poetry and folk-lore. She has lectured at Vassar, Smith, Mills College, and many other centres of learning, and is at this moment under request to deliver a course of lectures at the University of California in March, for which the money has been appropriated by the university. Professor Durham, head of the English Department, has telegraphed to the Secretary of State, asking for her admission and saying that she would be a great addition to the United States in culture and learning.

To be free from the constant threat of deportation, Ella Young, under my advice, decided to become a citizen of the United States, and over three months ago went to Victoria, B.C., expecting to return in a few days in the British quota. She cannot be classed as among the unemployed, because she is greatly in demand, and refuses lecture engagements that she may go on with her book. It is self-evident she deprives no one of a job.

The only objection the American Consul in Victoria raised to the admission of Ella Young is that she may become a public charge. In the first place, this is a distortion of the law out of its intent, which is not that a person may, by some fanciful possibility, become a public charge, but if, from the evidence before the Consul, it seems very likely that the applicant will become a public charge. Now, as against this, the following is part of the record in her case in the possession of the American Consul at Victoria:

She is over sixty years of age, in vigorous health, has never been sick; has never been aided by anyone, either in Ireland or the United States, but has always supported herself, and can easily do so as a lecturer on cultural subjects, especially those relating to Ireland and the Celtic race. She is the author of several books of folk-tales, published by Macmillan & Co., of London and New York, and from these she is receiving royalties steadily, in no great amount, but certainly sufficient to put her out of the pauper class. She is the author of several volumes of poetry published both in Ireland and in this country. The following citizens of San Francisco have filed with the Consul a written agreement that they will hold the United States and every state and every municipality therein harmless against Miss Young ever becoming a public charge:

Noël Sullivan,
Garet McEnerney,
Albert M. Bender,

and the undersigned,

C. E. S. Wood.

The aggregate of responsibility in this list is millions of dollars.

The whole cultural society of San Francisco—Catholic, Jewish, and others—is very much aroused against this ruling by the Consul, which is a mere shadowy possibility, but threatens to deprive the United States of an exceedingly desirable citizen. The case has been presented in Washington by Senator Shortridge, and any protests or expressions of opinion by those interested should be made through him, or, if preferred, direct to the Secretary of State.

Certainly this is a remarkable commentary on our democracy, our common sense, and our respect for culture and literature—that this brilliant woman, who would be welcome in any country of the world, is now being held at Victoria, and may be compelled to return to Dublin, to there complete her great work, which it is hoped California and the University of California might receive credit for.

A statement of this case seems to be enough without argument.

CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD.

"A really important book."
ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

"In 'After Two Thousand Years' G. Lowes Dickinson has, with logic, with poetry and, yes, with humor, built a latter-day sermon of profound meaning."
New York Times

G. LOWES DICKINSON brings Plato back to earth for a brilliant discussion of the good life in the machine age.

AFTER 2000 YEARS

by G. LOWES DICKINSON
Author of A Modern Symposium, The Greek View of Life, etc.

$2.00 at all bookstores

W. W. NORTON & CO., Inc.
[illegible] Avenue, New York

Best Seller ..after 2 weeks
FIRST Edition . . . Feb. 6
SECOND Edition . Feb. 16
THIRD Edition . . .Feb. 24
FOURTH Edition . March 4
FIFTH Edition . . Ordered

THAT'S the record to date of *The Road to Culture*, Dr. Charles Gray Shaw's charming new book which puts true culture within the reach of everyone through a fresh outlook on daily living. Listed on representative newspaper Best Seller lists TWO WEEKS AFTER PUBLICATION. *The Washington Star* says: "It is a pleasure to read *The Road to Culture*, so clear of pedantry, so balanced and sane, and immediately applicable to the day and hour."

The ROAD TO CULTURE
by CHARLES GRAY SHAW
FUNK & WAGNALLS CO. Publishers
$2.00
At all bookstores

ABRAHAM COWLEY
THE MUSE'S HANNIBAL
By
ARTHUR H. NETHERCOT

To most readers the name of Cowley recalls little more than one of Dr. Johnson's most savagely witty essays. He has never before found an adequate biographer, and the present book will arouse interest in his varied and exciting life. The volume contains much new material, ten illustrations, an appendix of documents relating to Cowley or his family, a note on the extant paintings and engravings of Cowley, and a thorough bibliography.

$4.75

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
NEW YORK

SEA LEGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

K is the Keel; and L is the Lurching . . . but read these giddy quatrains yourself, laugh at the excruciatingly funny Herford drawings! Just the book for a trip; and just as funny on land. For all who travel by water or by wine. $1.00

LIPPINCOTT
Washington Square Philadelphia

CURIOUS BOOKS

1. Unusual Reprints . . .
2. Unexpurgated Volumes
3. Private Presses . . . .
4. Curiosa and Esoterica
5. Limited Editions . . . .
6. Foreign Translations

Send for descriptive catalogues

PANURGE, Incorporated
100 FIFTH AVENUE..NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reader's Guide

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review*

E. L. C. M., Hollywood, Cal., assuring me that he asks from "just curiosity, you know—nothing personal!" wants to know if I have any available statistics regarding manuscripts turned down by publishers and afterward becoming best sellers.

IT was more than a year after a middle-aged gentleman in Syracuse, formerly cashier in a bank and financial expert of its water company, but at the moment engaged in coughing himself to death, had started the manuscript of his first novel on its rounds, that its ninth journey brought it to D. Appleton & Co. and the attention of Mr. Ripley Hitchcock. Possibly the other readers had been damped by the commonplace opening chapters, but this one kept on long enough to come upon a character named David Harum, and to suggest to the author, Mr. Edward Noyes Westcott, that he might open the narrative with a horsetrade related by this gentleman later on in the book. The author was more amenable than authors sometimes are, worked carefully on the rewriting, even did his own typing to give himself a last chance of revision, and in 1898 turned in the cleanest copy the firm has had, of which no one else had written a word. But he never read a word of it in actual print, for in the spring of that year he died, and "David Harum" was published in the fall. All this, and its subsequent adventures in print—the classic true fairy-tale of the publishing profession—may be found in the preface to the anniversary edition of "David Harum" (Appleton) with Clinedinst's pictures, and in a briefer version as introduction to the school edition just published in Appleton's Modern Literature series. This edition, by the way, is especially good for school book clubs, for it has the full text without obtrusive notes and at the back suggestions for activities that will cheer club program makers.

When Charles Norris's "Salt" was going its way, not a grain of it was taken by some eight or nine publishers: Dutton, however, still sells it. Mary Webb's "Precious Bane" (Dutton) jogged along in England till a chance reference by Stanley Baldwin started a boom the author had not lived to see. "Trader Horn" (Simon & Schuster) went begging before the Literary Guild bought it in England. Harry Franck took his first book, "A Vagabond Journey around the World" to several firms before the Century Company accepted it; they have since published some fifteen of his popular travel books. It took courage to put out an English translation of the massive and argumentative "Untergang des Abendlandes" of Oswald Spengler, and more than one house played with the idea and abandoned it before Knopf took it—he said, on a hunch—and "Decline of the West" is apparently here to stay, a little literature of rejoinder having grown up around it in German and in English.

Ed Howe of Atchison sent "The Story of a Country Town" to almost every publisher in the United States—he tells this story in "Plain People" (Dodd, Mead)—until he desperately determined to print it himself. Being the young founder of the Atchison *Globe*, he and his helper, a military ex-hornplayer named Kelly, set the book in minion—in which, Mr. Howe says, "no real book is printed: it is too small," and printed it four pages at a time on a medium Gordon job press. The horse editor of the New York *World* gave it its first real review; all the publishers who had sent it back sent letters of repentence, and the rest is history, of which the latest chapter is that Harper sold publication rights to Dodd, Mead a year or so before this firm brought out "Plain people."

Vina Delmar's "Bad Girl" travelled about under the world's worst title, "Nine Lunar Months"—or was it ten?—, until Alfred Harcourt took it, rechristened it, and sent the result on the road to fame. Jonathan Leonard's "Back to Stay" was another novel first printed by the author himself, four pages at a time, and he not only had no hornplayer to help, but had first to learn how to set type. One of these home-made productions excited the Viking Press; a year later they gave it a pretty jacket, as Vermontish as the novel, and presented it to a discriminating audience. When "Charles Walt," as the author of "Love in Chicago" prefers to be known, brought the manuscript of his racketeering romance to Harcourt, having taken it on many similar visits, he had had no food for two days, and his first advance royalty was the largest lunch at the nearest restaurant that the firm could reach. These are all among the moderns; for the Victorians read the story of struggle in "The Brontë Sisters," by Ernest Dimnet (Harcourt, Brace).

This legend of the Wandering Manuscript is as popular with readers as the Wandering Jew with folklorists; it attaches itself easily to almost any book that has made a swift and surprising success. I have heard it again and again about "Main Street"—most of which was told long in advance of publication to Alfred Harcourt, in the days when all the name the story had was the hopeless "Village Virus." Mr. Latham of Macmillan told me that a lady at a party—evidently one of the dear creatures who Know It All—told him that she had it straight from the publishers that Wells's "Outline of History" had been refused by every house, etc. Partially suppressing a yelp of protest, he explained that the author had at the time a continuing contract with Macmillan, and that the book had so to speak grown up under his eye, but all she said was that it must have been another firm.

The reason why I have all this at the tip of my typewriter is that *Brentano's Book Chat* in its Summer Number, July, 1929, published a long article of mine on this very subject, from which they have permitted me to quote. As *Book Chat* is now discontinued—though copies of this issue are no doubt available—I may be permitted to repeat its concluding paragraph:

> One who presents so many facts is usually expected to offer along with them some general statements or even morals, that may be drawn from such a survey. The first one I can draw is that it seems established that the Public loves the legend of the Wandering Manuscript. They love it partly because hope springs eternal in the human breast, and in many American breasts is springing, perhaps unacknowledged, the hope of writing the Great American Novel. If that possible masterpiece could get under the guard, one thinks, of the publisher's flaming sword and slip by some happy fate into the Eden of print, there would be a poetic fitness in it. So the story of the manuscript that does slip, by any unaccustomed way, past repeated refusals into acceptance and acclaim, moves the heart of the general reader. Perhaps, too, he finds instances of fallibility in the profession amusing for the same reason that makes the fall of a dignified gentleman upon the ice the one absolutely certain joke on earth. Perhaps it may be because in fairy tales success often comes at the last moment, and the third brother—never the first to set out—wins the prize after hard trials.
>
> But the real reason why the story hangs on is that every now and then it is true; this happens oftener than the reader realizes. Chesterton speaks somewhere of the unexpectedness of family life: one may foresee the reactions of outsiders, but one's aunt is a bolt from the blue. Sometimes there comes hurtling out of the rule the brilliant flash of the exception, one as natural as the other. The last step to despair is really sometimes blocked by the apparition of glory, and fame does sometimes outrace the undertaker and reach the post first.

O. L. P., Youngstown, Ohio, and H. D. F., Mt. Airy, Pa., ask for books about Russia of to-day, for club study and review.

THE wave of books proving that the Russian economic experiment is a total failure having been succeeded by one proving that it is a menacing success, there is choice enough in titles somewhat to embarrass a willing reader. My own choice is "The Soviet Challenge to America" by George S. Counts (Day), because it goes deeper into causes and principles: there is in this book, in the opening chapter, an explanation of capitalism by Ilin, a well-known Russian writer for children, quoted from a book meant to explain to children of Soviet Russia the principles of the Five-Year Plan; this is in the form of a story about a hat factory, and I have never asked anyone to read it who was not made thereby a trifle nervous, it points out with such directness a number of things in our system that we don't like to think about ourselves.

"The Red Trade Menace," by H. R. Knickerbocker (Dodd, Mead), goes into details needed and interesting and statistics concerning the present state of the Plan and the part taken in it by American experts, and is not so alarmist in tone as its title might make one think. Neither of these books should be used for club reviews without the background of Chamberlin's "Soviet Russia" (Little, Brown), the most comprehensive work of its kind so far for the general reader.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, whose first volume of reminiscences appeared just twenty years ago under the title "I Myself," is now engaged on a further volume which she intends to call "Haphazard."

BORZOI BOOKS

A GREAT HUMAN DOCUMENT

SAVAGE MESSIAH

BY H. S. EDE

HENRI GAUDIER, penniless genius who died on the threshold of fame, whose tragic but strangely beautiful relationship with Sophie Brzeska makes one of the greatest love stories of all time, not only led an amazing life, but left behind him fascinating letters and diaries, besides his much prized works of art. From this material a vivid human document has been written, brilliantly re-creating this Savage Messiah, who, says The New York Herald Tribune, "had the will of the stone-age man who carved himself in the rock," who "had the consciousness of the alert, well armed twentieth century mind," who was "half savant and half savage," who lived to love and to create. Read page 21 or 126 at your bookstore. 7¾" x 10¼"

With 16 illustrations (14 of Gaudier's work)—$5.00

A HISTORY OF ASIATIC ART

THE CIVILIZATIONS OF THE EAST

By René Grousset

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY CATHERINE ALISON PHILLIPS

In this comprehensive survey, M. Grousset of the Musée Guimet, one of the foremost living Orientalists, supplies what has long been lacking—a general history of Asiatic arts. Unlike most histories of art, this work presents the political, social and literary backgrounds of the countries dealt with, enabling the reader to follow, step by step, the whole cultural development of Oriental civilization. The work will be complete in four volumes, of which the first, The Near and Middle East, is now ready. Volume 1 contains 313 illustrations in half-tone. 6½" x 9⅛", 404 pp., $7.50

Write for information concerning special price for the four volumes.

A LITERARY HISTORY of the AMERICAN PEOPLE

By Charles Angoff

This is the most complete history of American letters ever attempted. Its points of superiority over all previous treatments of the subject are many. It discusses more authors. It presents both summaries of and extracts from their principal works, judiciously selected and competently annotated. It relates social, political and religious history to literary history, and it presents a careful digest of American critical writing from the earliest days. Volume I—1607 to the Beginning of the Revolutionary Period, and Volume II—1750 to 1815, are now ready and the two subsequent volumes, which will bring the work up to the present, will be published in the near future. 6½" x 9⅜", $5.00 each

THE EARTH GODS

By Kahlil Gibran

The author of The Prophet has once again blended the music of his words and the almost living quality of his drawings into a wise and beautiful interpretation of life. With 12 illustrations by the author, 4 of which are in full color. 5⅝" x 8¼" $2.50

INNOCENCE ABROAD

By Emily Clark

H. L. Mencken, Julia Peterkin, Carl Van Vechten, Joseph Hergesheimer and James Branch Cabell are among the thirteen authors sketched in this volume as they appeared to Miss Clark when she was editor of The Reviewer. DuBose Heyward says, "From her pungent and entertaining prose they emerge with depth as well as surface." With 13 portraits. 5½" x 8¼" 270 pp. $3.00

Books on Psychology

THE MORBID PERSONALITY

By Sándor Lorand, M. D.

Dr. William A. White said in The New York Herald Tribune, "A very useful little book . . . well and interestingly done." 5½" x 8¼", 208 pp., $3.00

THE MEANING OF PSYCHOANALYSIS

By Martin W. Peck, M. D.

The clearest, most concise and readable introduction to the science that has yet appeared. 5⅛" x 7¾", 286 pp., $2.50

AMERICAN TYPES

By James Oppenheim

With gusto and rare good humor Mr. Oppenheim traces the development of definite American analytical types. 5" x 7¾", 210 pp., $2.50

AT THE BETTER BOOKSHOPS

ALFRED · A · KNOPF · N · Y · BORZOI BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers*, 386 Fourth Avenue, *New York

The late WILLIAM BOLITHO

WILLIAM BOLITHO's posthumous play *Overture-1920* is now available in book form. It is published at an opportune, if somewhat sorrowful, moment, for the last curtain has but recently fallen on the production itself, and on the newspaper which gave him his first fame. Rarely has book publication of a drama fulfilled so instantaneous and so necessary a function, for *Overture-1920* deserves to live.

In the writing of WILLIAM BOLITHO, as in that of THOMAS CARLYLE, critics have repeatedly observed "the explosive release of compressed thoughts hurriedly escaping." He was "by profession a journalist, a writer by necessity." Perhaps not even in *Twleve Against the Gods* or in *Camera Obscura* were these qualities more strikingly disclosed than in this, his first and last play, the structure of which he laid down in three days and three nights.

To J. BROOKS ATKINSON of *The New York Times*, distinguished critic of both drama and literarure, *Overture-1920* was "the finest of BOLITHO's works." . . . PERCY HAMMOND of *The New York Herald Tribune*, hailed its "hypnotic prose" and *The New York Sun* characterized it as "a bitter and beautiful play, racking in its tragedy, brutal without compromise with truth, detonating like a bombshell in the theatre, shaking down the tinsel and corroding away the gloss."

NEWS!

Mental Whoopee is *The Inner Sanctum's* newest publication to be issued in the unremitting campaign against Parties That Don't Jell. . . . It is the work of JEROME S. MEYER, author of *Mind Your P's and Q's*, the famous book that brought hand-writing-analysis out of the laboratory and into the parlor. . . Now he offers *Mental Whoopee* with a bona fide guarantee as a sure-fire ice-breaker and enemy of ennui. . . . It is not exactly a book but a party opus arranged in pad form so that each player can work out his own game and all players compete against one another and against time simultaneously. . . . These games and stunts in *Mental Whoopee* measure your observation, concentration, memory, and deductive talents—and measure them in novel and hilarious ways. . . They are most fun when played by six or eight people. . . . The other Big News of the week is that *Hard Lines* continues to appear on all the better best-seller lists, hard by another *Inner Sanctum* publication entitled—surprise!—*Cross Word Puzzle Book—Series Nineteen*. . . . This is the seventh consecutive year of best-sellerdom for these home-wrecking Buranelli - Hartswick - Petherbridge volumes equipped with Venus pencils [to supply the love interest] and erasers [to take care of human fallibility].

ESSANDESS.

The Carpenter Lad
By RICHARD BURTON

The best work of his whole career, imaginative, steadily interesting.
—*Wm. Lyon Phelps, Scribner's*
A poet of high courage and strong conviction.
—*Clinton Scolland, N Y Sun*
$2.00 Bobbs-Merrill Indianapolis

THE PHOENIX NEST

IN the correspondence columns of this issue will be found a letter from *Charles Erskine Scott Wood*, Los Gatos, California, poet and prose-writer, in regard to the case of *Ella Young*, the distinguished Irish poetess. The case is urgent and we advise everyone to read Mr. Wood's absolutely veracious statement and to take immediate action upon it. . . .

We hear that "Thunder on the Left," *Christopher Morley's* best novel, is having a remarkable success in Germany under the title, "Kinder im Traum." It is published as "Aus Amerikanischen uebersetzt." It is also at present being translated into Hungarian and French. . . .

A county library bill has now been introduced in the Legislature at Albany, providing for state aid in counties desiring to inaugurate this service. This means that machinery to carry books to 1,570,494 persons scattered throughout the rural and village communities of the state would appear definitely to be taking shape. The bill is backed by the New York Library Association, the State Department of Education, the New York Teachers Association, the Grange, the State Congress of Parents and Teachers, the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs, the Home Bureau, and many other educational and civic groups of this state. This is an excellent movement and we heartily endorse it. The county library service according to statistics is now established in 225 counties and 35 states of the Union, but in New York State only three counties, Monroe, Chemung, and Tomkins are equipped to carry this oldest but ever most effective of all educational tools into remote neighborhoods and isolated farms. . . .

We recently published a poem, on "Saddling Pegasus for Emily Dickinson," by *Isabel Fiske Conant*, which attracted much attention. We now have the pleasure of supplementing it by two further poems referring to the immortal Emily written by Mrs. Conant:

EMILY DICKINSON

I have watched our modern poets, when they were
Reading on platforms, frozen to the marrow
By audiences who sat there with a narrow
Intelligence, yet with a quick, soft stir,
Like sleepers wakened, when a phrase, struck fire;
Song was a rope, upon whose rounds they climbed,
Then rang their steeple-bells, and pealed, and chimed.
And briefly were the spirit of the spire.
They were the crest of a wave, too quickly turning
Into the leveled ocean. Then, She came
Who was already there, who was a burning,
But unconsumed, bush of eternal flame.
A platform had not been to her a boon;
She would have rushed to the dark side of the moon!

ORDEAL OF GENIUS

Shy genius is tormented by the crowd.
There is a lad who hides in silver whirled;
And Emily, who never sang aloud,
But only wrote a letter to the world.

Godiva rode along an emptied street,
Not so today, the fleeing white of her.
Escaping augur-holes, in swift retreat,
She vanishes from the biographer.

Cassandrus sends us the following "Epitaph for E. L. M.":

Here I lie, the Spoon River Anthologist.
What possessed me to go snooping about the grave of Abraham Lincoln?
I should not care so greatly now
If his monument had only managed
To tip itself over and crush me flat.
There would have been something magnificent about such an end.
But merely the shadow of his fame fell upon me
While I was nosing round his grave,
And here I lie, flatter than a pancake.

Writes Rutherford E. Delevage from Canton, N. Y.:

You seem to be a good fellow, so why not recommend *Jules Lamaître's* "En Marge des Vieux Livres" to the discriminating readers of French books among your clientèle. This little tome takes the cake in sprightly wit, gentle satire, and religious naughtiness, and the liberties the author takes with the old legends and stories are nobody's business. It reminds me of *Anatole France's* "Procurator of Judea." Use your own judgment in this matter if you happen to have any.

Such as we have! . . .

Thomas L. Stix, of the Book League of America, recently received a birthday poem from a young lady whose job in life is to attend to a newspaper morgue. It ran somewhat as follows (Tom had just turned thirty-five):

That's what I call devotion
To a gal who has a notion
That one's income is increased
Watching strangers turn deceased!

But in the next verse she relented

Whatever this is all about,
Let's give a cheer for Tom, old scout,
And hope the subsequent thirty-and-five
Will find our Thomas still alive!

This seems to be Contributors' Number. Oh, all right, it *is* Contributors' Number! *L. Logan Kean* sends us a picture of "Tourists in Spring" of which we have room only to use the first verse:

They clack and shriek in front of Cook's,
They brandish Baedeker with looks
Glued to the double-starred.
Condescending or contrary,
Staunchly true to Gopher Prairie,
They stamp the Boulevard.

Well, that makes it pretty soft for this week. Maybe we ought to declare a dividend!

THE PHOENICIAN.

WILLIAM FAULKNER
has "arrived"!
3rd printing in 2 weeks of
Sanctuary

N. Y. TIMES: "The book has an immediate power that one must go outside of American fiction since the chase in *Moby Dick* to encounter."
JAMES BURNHAM, The Symposium: "If every American novelist were to bring out a book tomorrow and I could have only one, I should take William Faulkner's."
At bookstores, $2.50
JONATHAN CAPE & HARRISON SMITH
139 East Forty-sixth Street . . NEW YORK

FURIOUS WOMEN
They make up 50% of the people who are reading this book
THE OTHER 50% ARE MEN—STILL CHILDREN ABOUT WOMEN

Men have to hide this book if they want to keep it out of the furnace. Women hate it.

The author's foreword gives you an idea of his murderous intentions. "If women insist upon equality, it is only fair that they should have equality of criticism, and in this book they get it."

Mr. Nichols does not exaggerate. The Chameleon Woman—Women Who Let You Pay—these and other types you know come in for gay and witty comment.

women and children *last*

. . . by the author of that other very amusing best-seller, *"The Star Spangled Manner"* . . .

BEVERLEY NICHOLS
$2.50 DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

British Book Guild Choice and March Selection of the Book League of America.

MRS. FISCHER'S WAR
by Henrietta Leslie

"I have read no war novel which so pulled at my heart-strings. It is a noble piece of work—human, poignant, convincing." *Heloise E. Hersey.* "Broad, just and tolerant; above all, warm and breathing. It makes you think." *John Galsworthy.* $2.50.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

"*It looks so innocent . . . it's really so dangerous . . .*"
READ
The Gospel According to
ST. LUKE'S
A NOVEL OF TURBULENT YOUTH
BY
PHILIP STEVENSON
Second Large Printing
$2.00 LONGMANS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Compleat Collector.

RARE BOOKS · FIRST EDITIONS · FINE TYPOGRAPHY

Conducted by Carl Purington Rollins & Gilbert M. Troxell.

"Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold."

"Mint Condition"

I AM inclined to resentment when I come across an offering in a bookseller's catalogue of a book in "mint" condition, of a book "unopened," of one in the pristine immaculateness of a "dust jacket." Just why impeccable condition gives added value I do not see. Such supposedly extra-desirable states are but proof that the original purchaser did not care for the book as a book lover, but was merely a trader in the market, using books as he would use those impersonal and negligible brass counters which are sold at Monte Carlo by the Société des Bains de Mer for the gamblers in the Casino. That such a purchaser usually loses in his book gambling, as he usually loses at the roulette wheel, does not help matters, for books are still "a substantial world . . . round which our pastimes and our happiness can grow."

Frankly, this half at least of THE COMPLEAT COLLECTOR is not primarily interested in the commercial aspects of book collecting. That side has had undue attention of late years. Of course, the publishing of books is a commercial affair, and printing is inseparably bound up with commercial activity. Even more: printing is one of the supports and major activities of bourgeois society, one of the most competitive of modern businesses, rising with the trading civilization which is now almost at crescendo. But at the same time, books are the dispensers of ideas, of emotions, of facts and fancies. In that respect they do not and they should not partake of the market. To collect them as market commodities is in a way to defile them.

Books are intended to be read for information or enjoyment, and to the book lover anything which gives evidence of ownership by some other book lover is an added source of satisfaction and of value. Perhaps it is a bookplate: I treasure certain books from the library of Theodore Low De Vinne, with his bookplate in them, more than any immaculate first edition. Perhaps the name of some unknown previous owner is written on the flyleaf, or, shameful to say, on the title page; at least the man who bought it cared enough for it to claim ownership. Perhaps the margin is annotated; a pencilled "My God!" against a stupid statement endears to me the human being who wrote it in one of my books. Perhaps other and deeper reasons attach one to a book:

Is it a wine stain,
Or only a pine stain,
That makes such a fine stain
On your dull blue,—
. . . . . .
What is the dear mark
There like an earmark,—
Only a tear mark
A woman let fall?—
As bending over
She bade me discover
"Who plays *the lover,*
He loses all!"

And that very copy of Vagabondia, "with three faces on the cover that I think I've seen before," inscribed to Edmund Clarence Stedman, with the signatures of Carman, Hovey, and Meteyard, and a little sketch in color by the latter, and numerous letters laid in—in their original envelopes—the whole from the library of a dear and departed friend:—would I exchange that book for a "mint copy" with "dust jacket" intact?

Here I see my reader smile a wise smile: "He collects association copies!" Well, why put up with any others if humanized copies are to be had? That is one of the pleasures of collecting. In fact, that is what makes book collecting human—makes it a pastime and a pleasure—saves it from the stigma of hoarding, from the dulness of mere book buying. I would hardly go so far as to say that a book without an autograph, a bookplate, a thumb mark, a marginal note, a dog-ear, a slightly (but only slightly, please!) broken back, is but half a book. Yet there is something to be said for the notion that a book fresh from the press or the publisher's shelf is like a feast uneaten, a wine untasted, a colt unbroken, a talent unused. Such a book is too virginal for any but a furtive and frigid bibliotaph. For me, I prefer "good, second-hand condition"—with preferably a few stains of varied sorts, and a scribbled comment or two by a learned or a ribald owner. Such a book has at some time found a friend and been welcomed to someone's hearth. R.

Auctions

American Art Association Anderson Galleries. March 10th: Part of the historical library of Victor Morin, LL.D., of Montreal. These books, taken from the American section of Dr. Morin's library, include: the rare original edition of the first four voyages of Champlain to America, Paris, 1613, containing a map of the northeast coast of North America, the first attempting to lay down astronomical positions; the only complete edition of Champlain's works, Paris, 1632; DeBry's "Grand Voyages," parts 1 to 7, Frankfurt, 1590-1599; a series of rare Jesuit relations; Indian manuscripts, written in Iroquois, Huron, Algonquin, and Abenaki, by Jesuit and Sulpician missionaries for actual use in their Indian missions.

G. M. T.

Edwin S. Gorham Inc.
ESTABLISHED 1900
Publishers, Booksellers, distributors of Religious Literature and Art, also Religious Easter Cards, Bibles, Prayer Books and Hymnals. Prompt attention given to mail orders.
18 West 45th Street, N.Y.

And I Shall Make Music
by Bessie Lasky
"You're a lovely glutton for words. You collect them, you roll them about like bright marbles, you try to make them glisten for you and show colors."
—*Fannie Hurst*
$2.00
HORACE LIVERIGHT, Inc.
N. Y.

Counter Attractions

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS' ITEMS :: STAMPS & PRINTS :: LITERARY SERVICES

BARGAIN OFFERS

FAUST BOOK SERVICE OFFERS carloads of bargains galore at 1580 Broadway, new shop opposite the Strand Theatre. New books in perfect condition: Set Up, March ($2.00) 68 cents; Barton's Women Lincoln Loved ($7.50), $2.98; Casanova's Memoirs ($12.50), $4.48; Complete O'Henry (one volume), $2.75; Love Books of Ovid, Bosschere illustrations ($12.50). $4.48; Piazza Tales, Melville, Limited edition ($12.00), $4.48; Complete Kipling 1,080 pages ($5.00), $2.75; Beardsley's Salome ($7.50), $2.48; Following 98c each; all ORIGINAL editions: Radclyffe Hall's Adam's Breed, Unlit Lamp; Lowell Thomas' Woodfill: Eliot's Launcelot Andrewes; Catalogues.

WE SPECIALIZE IN CURIOUS BOOKS; privately printed items in limited editions; unexpurgated translations; unusually illustrated volumes. Join our select clientele. Catalogues on request. The Falstaff Press, Dept. S, 489 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FREE: BOOKS OF THE MONTH Book Bazaar, 1740 52nd Street, Brooklyn.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore. 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BOOK BINDING

EXPERT HAND BOOKBINDING and Casemaking for First Editions or Autographs, Exclusive Best Imported Materials, Restoration and all forms of Scientific Book Reclamation. Period Modernist and Conventional Designs. Prices on request. Bennett Book Studios, Inc., 240 West 23rd Street, New York City.

BOOK PLATES

COPPER PLATE STYLE $4 to $5 per hundred. Send 10 cents for sample. Frank E. Bittner, 251 High Street, Nutley, N. J.

BOOKS WANTED

WANTED: HENRY B. FULLER'S "With the Procession." Hatfield, Lunt Library, Evanston, Ill.

FIRST EDITIONS

WAKEMAN LIBRARY CATALOGUE Comprising the Works of BRYANT, EMERSON, HAWTHORNE, HOLMES, LONGFELLOW, LOWELL, POE, THOREAU, WHITTIER. Describe 1,280 titles, numerous facsimiles with auction prices to each item (1914). 256 pages. Cloth. $6.00. McCutcheon Library Catalogue Comprising the Works of DICKENS, THACKERAY, HARDY, KIPLING, STEVENSON. Describes 1,318 titles, numerous facsimiles, with auction prices to each item (1925). 320 pages. Cloth. $6.00. These Catalogues are the most useful Bibliographies of the respective Authors and they are Indispensable to Collectors, Dealers and Librarians. Supply Limited. Order from G. A. BAKER & CO. 480 Lexington Avenue, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS. IF INTERESTED in Dickens, write for list. We have many items of Dickensiana. Let us know what you want. PEGASUS BOOK SHOP, 31 East 60th Street, New York City.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI — ADELAIDE Crapsey—Emily Dickinson—Louise Guiney are suggested by The Walden Book Shop, 546 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, as distinguished poets whose first editions are collectors' items. Catalogues on request.

SCHULTE'S BOOKSTORE. Catalogues of first editions, Americana, library sets and religious books mailed free. Schulte's Bookstore, 80 Fourth Avenue, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS AND SCARCE Books always on display at Mendoza's, 15 Ann Street, New York City.

CATALOGUE READY FIRST Editions interesting books. Julian G. Treilhard, 1039 Green Street, San Francisco.

FRENCH BOOKS

FRENCH BOOKS, OVER 500,000 in Stock. Lowest prices. Mail orders information prompt. New 1931 Catalogue 20 cents (stamps). The French Bookshop, 556 Madison Avenue at 56th Street. "New York's Largest French Bookshop."

FRENCH BOOKS

VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 West 96th Street, New York. Catalogue, 5 cents (stamps).

GENERAL

ODD CURIOS, unusual and extraordinary Books and Autographs. Write for catalogue. State your own interests. Union Square Bookshop, 30 East 14th Street, New York.

YOUR COAT OF ARMS correctly and handsomely executed in water color. Authentic work guaranteed. William Stanley Hall, 132 Lexington Avenue, New York.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPTS ANALYZED, criticized, revised, prepared for publication, marketed. Book manuscripts a specialty. Twenty-five years' experience as writer, editor, publisher. Helpful text-books. Catalogue. James Knapp Reeve and Agnes M. Reeve, Box A, Franklin, Ohio.

STORY IDEAS FOR PHOTOPLAYS, talking pictures, magazines. Accepted any form for revision, development, copyright, and submission to markets. Established 1917. Free booklet gives full particulars. Universal Scenario Company, 411 Meyer Bldg., Western & Sierra Vista, Hollywood, Calif.

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY agent, Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 133 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York City.

YOUR MANUSCRIPT SHOULD BE sold! This office sells plays, novels, short stories, published books or produced plays for motion pictures. International connections. Publications planned. Editor, literary advisor. Grace Aird, Inc., 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

LITERARY SERVICES

WRITERS—SEND AT ONCE FOR FREE booklet HOW TO WRITE FOR THE TALKIES without obligation. DANIEL O'MALLEY CO., INC. SUITE U, 1776 Broadway, New York.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING

MSS TYPED—Expert and speedy service, by one who has had experience in Publishing house. Box 61, *The Saturday Review of Literature.*

OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT Books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

PRINTING

BOOKS PRIVATELY PRINTED. Family Histories, Genealogies, Biographies. Exceptional facilities. Estimates given. WALTON BOOK COMPANY, 143 W. 41st Street, New York.

BOOKS PRIVATELY PRINTED: Limited and special editions, designed and made according to the finest principles. S. A. JACOBS, 3 Milligan Place, New York City.

RARE BOOKS

UNIQUE CATALOGUE NO. 80, mainly books of English and American literature, free on request. Dauber & Pine Bookshops, Inc., 66 5th Ave., New York.

RARE BOOKS AND AUTOGRAPHS for Sale. Interesting catalogue free. Atkinson, 188 Packham Rye, London, England.

SCHEDULE OF RATES

ADVERTISING RATES for this classified page are as follows: for twenty consecutive insertions of any copy minimum twelve words, 7 cents a word; for any less number of insertions 10 cents a word. The forms close on Friday morning eight days before publication date. Address Department GH, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York, or telephone BR yant 9-0896.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Comparable with Caesar's *Gallic Wars*"

—SAYS THE MORNING POST (LONDON)

OUR GREATEST CAPTAIN SINCE *NAPOLEON!*

"His word-picture of the plan whereby he saved the Allies and destroyed their enemies is admirable in construction and overwhelming in effect," says the New York *Times.*

FOCH alone knew the whole story of the war. He commanded more men than any other man in history, including the greatest American army ever assembled. He was the fusing force of all the Allied Armies. He was relentless. He knew no goal but victory. His unchanging tactics were *defend and then attack!*

For twelve years the world has waited for his Memoirs. They complement the revelations of all other World War leaders. Documented yet personal—tactical yet vivid—they admit us to the inner secrets of the Supreme Command. They are the final word on the World War from the greatest General of modern times!

THE MEMOIRS OF MARSHAL

FOCH

Illustrated with special maps and photographs, prepared by the French War Office. Translated by Col. T. Bentley Mott. $5 at all bookstores.

• DOUBLEDAY, DORAN •

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED